The HUMOURS of SCOTTISH LIFE

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John Gillespie, LL.D.

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BY

THE VERY REV. JOHN GILLESPIE, LL.D.

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PREFACE

THIS book has been written at the repeated solicitation of very many friends. Becoming acquainted to some extent with the repertoire of Scottish wit and humour which I happen to possess, they have often urged me to put it into a permanent form. I have not given it the title of "Reminiscences," but it will be observed that many of the incidents are of that nature. They are illustrative of Scottish humour on the part of people in different grades of life.

Carlyle has said "Humour has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius. He who wants it, be his other gifts what they may, has only half a mind: an eye for what is above him, not for what is about him or below him." The saying of Whipple may also be quoted: "Humour, warm and all embracing as the sunshine, bathes its objects in a genial and abiding light."

Preface

Several eminent persons have asserted that the Scotch as a people are deficient in, if not even destitute of, what has been well termed "the saving grace of humour." The saying of Sydney Smith is familiar to most people: "It requires a surgical operation to get a joke well into a Scotch understanding." The similar statement of Horace Walpole is not so generally known: "The whole (Scotch) nation hitherto has been void of wit and humour, and even incapable of relishing it." Dean Ramsay's "Reminiscences of Scottish Life and Character" showed how entirely unfounded these assertions are, and the following pages may serve as corroborative proof.

It is a pity to allow good humorous sayings characteristic of Scottish life and character to die out and be forgotten. Should any of my readers be good enough to enlarge my store I shall be grateful to them.

MOUSWALD MANSE,
DUMFRIESSHIRE, *September* 1904.

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PUTTING D.D. ON ONYTHING.

THE Rev Dr Norman M'Leod, the illustrious minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow, was minister of Dalkeith when he had the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity conferred upon him by his Alma Mater. Shortly after he was capped he was in the landward part of his parish, when he noticed some contractor's plant, near the public road, with D.D. branded on the principal articles. As these letters were running in his head at the time, he was curious to know what they could mean where he saw them. Addressing a man who was

passing he said, "My good man, can you tell me, what D.D. branded on all these articles means?" The reply, which was calculated to serve as a damper to a more ordinary man, was in these terms, "No, sir, I canna tell ye; but (raising his nose in the air) to tell ye the truth, they pit D.D. on onything nowadays!"

A GLASGOW LL.D.

A LAWYER in Glasgow, called Colquhoun, had ingratiated himself so much with the University authorities, that they conferred the Honorary Degree of LL.D. upon him. It turned out that all the while he was artfully pursuing a career of the grossest fraud, of which he was convicted, and for which he was sentenced to five years' imprisonment. Shortly after the exposure I was going into a Glasgow Club one day for luncheon with a friend, a member of the legal profession, when we met a leading merchant, to whom I was introduced. By way of associating me with the city my host said to the merchant, "You know, my friend,"

pointing to me, "is an LL.D. of our University." "Oh yes," drily rejoined the gentleman, "he is in the same position as Colquhoun!"

B.D.—BARRHEAD DISTRICT.

SEVERAL years my senior at the University of Glasgow was Mr James Ingram, afterwards the scholarly minister of Levern church and parish, near Barrhead, in the Presbytery of Paisley. There was not the modern degree of Bachelor of Divinity (B.D.) in our days at college, but Mr Ingram kept up his scholarly habits, and many years after he had been a parish minister he submitted himself to the examination, and got that degree conferred on him. At meetings of the Presbytery of Paisley, while he was Moderator, Mr Ingram signed the minutes, "James Ingram, B.D." One day, after the Presbytery had adjourned, there remained in the place of meeting several Paisley church-officers, including the officer of the Presbytery in whose hands the minute-book had been left to be delivered to the Presbytery Clerk. Looking over the book

these officials were much puzzled to understand what was meant by the letters "B.D." after Mr Ingram's signature, and many conjectures were offered by the party, who had a good idea of their own importance. At length one of them said in a tone of triumph, "A' hae't noo! A' hae't noo! B.D.—Barrhead District!" and one and all were fully satisfied that the true solution had been found.

WHAT'S RUNNING IN YOUR HEAD.

I HAD the privilege of being a student in the Logic Class in Glasgow University, under Professor Robert Buchanan, whom his students familiarly spoke of as "Logic Bob." I never derived more benefit from any teacher — a testimony similar to what I have often heard many of his pupils bear. Though not a man of outstanding originality, he was successful in a marked degree in developing and training the reasoning powers of the members of his class, which usually numbered about 200. One day he was examining orally a pert, self-conceited student, who was studiously giving flippant replies to the questions put to him, with a

view of raising a laugh at the Professor's expense. After questioning the youth in a general way regarding the terms "Genus" and "Species," and eliciting the difference between them, the Professor said: "Will you give me an example of a species, sir?" Jauntily cocking his head to one side, the student, in a flippant tone, replied, "Louse!"—a reply which, to the unconcealed gratification of the impudent young coxcomb, drew a laugh from his fellow-students. However, the tables were effectually turned on him when the Professor, without moving a muscle in his face, quietly put his forefinger significantly among his hair at the back of his head, and rejoined, "Oh, indeed, sir! it's quite evident what's running in your head!"

WE'LL CHEAT THEM FOR ONCE.

PROFESSOR ROBERT BUCHANAN, above referred to, was not only a confirmed bachelor, but he was also credited, I believe on good grounds, with being a woman-hater. It was related, in my student days, that on one occasion a middle-aged spinster of his acquaintance, in the course

of conversation, said to him, "Do you know, Professor, what people are saying about you and me?" "No, I have not heard anything about us. May I ask what they are saying?" "Well, it is quite generally reported that you and I are going to be married." The curt, dry rejoinder of the Professor was, "Ah, Miss C——, we'll cheat them for once!"

TENDENCY IN WOMAN TO MISCHIEF.

AN incident occurred in my session in the Logic Class, which corroborated the general idea that Professor Buchanan was a woman-hater. In the same bench in which I sat was George Luke—a very able and eminent student, who began his academic fame by being dux of Edinburgh Academy. He was head and shoulders above his fellow-students in my year, and thereafter made a great name for himself at Oxford, where he met an untimely end by drowning. The "Luke Scholarship" was founded to his memory. Towards the close of the session we got an exercise in analysis—to analyse the Witches of Macbeth—and specify the

elements of character embodied in Shakespeare's creation. Professor Buchanan had elicited from members of the class various features of character, until at length he said, with a characteristic twinkle in his eye, "There is yet one element of character, which I think is involved in the Witches of Macbeth, which no member of the class has yet specified. Is any gentleman prepared to suggest it?" George Luke rose and quietly replied, "An inherent tendency in woman to mischief." With unmistakable gratification and an approving inclination of the head the Professor promptly said, "Quite right, sir!" The ability of Luke lay quite as much in reading the sentiments of the Professor, as in analysing the Witches of Macbeth. After the lapse of half a century I have a vivid recollection of the scene which followed, a portion of the class scraping the floor with their feet in token of their protest against what they regarded as the unwarranted and ungallant reflection against the fair sex, while a minority applauded approvingly.

YE MAUN DRAP THE ODD SHILLINGS.

I STUDIED for a couple of sessions under Professor Lushington, the scholarly Professor of Greek, a shy, retiring man, who mingled little with the outside world. A farmer, accompanied by his son, waited upon Lushington at the commencement of the session, in order to enter the lad in the Junior Greek Class. After having received all the necessary information regarding the hour when the class met, the books used, and other particulars, the farmer said, "What's your chairge for the class, sir?" The Professor replied in his dry, stiff manner, "The class fee is three guineas." "Ah! sir," promptly rejoined the farmer, "ye maun drap the odd shillings!" He was accustomed to get a luckpenny in other business transactions, and perhaps not unnaturally he made a bold bid to get one in this case also. We fear he was doomed to disappointment on this occasion.

AWAY FRAE HIS CLAES.

THERE was a Professor of Latin, in a certain university, of a former generation, who had a habit of lecturing his students on subjects suggested by the work of the class, but not strictly forming part of it. He was especially given to dilate on the advantages of physical exercises and training, and accordingly Romans who had distinguished themselves as athletes frequently came in for an enthusiastic meed of praise from him. On one occasion the name of a prominent Roman of this type had been mentioned in the class work, which led the Professor to launch forth in eulogy of the man and of his prowess as an athlete. He particularised among other points that this Roman was in the habit, every morning before breakfast, of swimming three times across the Tiber. What in Scottish universities is called a "private" student, as contra-distinguished from the "public" student, was in the class. The former are what may be termed mere listeners, neither doing the exercises of the class nor liable to be examined either orally or in writing

—ordeals to which the latter are, of course, regularly subjected. When the Professor mentioned the daily feat of the Roman, the private student who sat in the front bench immediately in front of the Professor laughed silently but very visibly. The Professor, noticing him, demanded in an angry tone of voice—"Mr B——, what are you laughing at, sir?—you do not usually give us any assistance in this class. I insist on knowing what you are laughing at." "I was thinking, sir," said the student quietly and modestly, "that it would be very awkward for him." "Awkward, sir! how would it be awkward? I insist on you telling me what you mean." "Weel, sir, it would be very awkward for him in this way, that he would finish on the opposite side o' the water frae his claes!" The Professor came off second best in the encounter.

THE LORD RECTOR'S ELECTIONS.

THE Election of Lord Rector at the University of Glasgow, when I was a student, was attended by all the uproarious fun which has invariably attended similar proceedings ever since. But it

was seldom there was anything which could be called serious misconduct, although at meetings occasionally the interruptions were so frequent and loud that comparatively little of the speeches was heard. For some years I held the office of "Macer" in the Conservative Club, the main ground of my selection for that post being, I believe, that there was as little likelihood of the mace being forcibly taken out of my possession by "the enemy" as would have been the case had it been entrusted to any other.

John Nichol, son of the Professor of Astronomy, and himself afterwards Professor of English Literature, interposed at a Conservative meeting in order to appeal to his fellow-members of the Liberal party to give their opponents a fair hearing. While he was making the appeal a student caused uproarious laughter by calling out, "Ex nihilo nihil fit!"—a very apt and happy quotation.

NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT AT THE ELECTION OF A LORD RECTOR.

I HAVE a vivid recollection of an uproarious meeting of students of Glasgow University—although it took place almost half a century ago, in the old Latin Class Room under the Library in the old College—to support the candidature of the Duke of Argyll, who was brought forward for the Lord Rectorship by an independent non-political party. A medical student called Scott, leader of the disturbers of the meeting, secured silence while he addressed it from the body of the room. He referred to himself as the leader of the Orchestra—whose miscellaneous instruments had already been much in evidence—and explained that he had invented and brought out an entirely new musical instrument. It had involved great thought and skill, but was so superior as amply to reward his efforts. He claimed for it wonderful compass, perfect harmony, and matchless sweetness. He had called it "Pollophlosboio"—a Greek word—and he was sure they would admit it was well worthy of so high-sounding a name. He then called upon his friend Mr Crum to give them

a performance on the instrument. Amid indescribable amusement and applause Mr Crum sounded with great energy a pair of old-fashioned policemen's clappers, unknown to people of the present day, but commonly used then by policemen in giving an alarm.

A LIBERAL'S BEDPOST.

THE meeting above referred to was a complete failure, as far as the hearing of speeches was concerned. Very little except Scott's speech was heard. To ensure a hearing for their speakers, the committee supporting his Grace of Argyll rented a public hall in Buchanan Street, and advertised a meeting there. They fancied they could call in the police there, which they could not do within the University buildings. But they fared not a whit better. Not only was the speaking effectually interrupted, but the benches were smashed, and had to be paid for by the promoters. Scott was again prominently in evidence, with his faithful followers in attendance. I recollect him mounting a bench, with the leg of a broken

seat in his hand, which with great dramatic effect he auctioned as a "Liberal's Bedpost." He took imaginary bids from the leading promoters of the meeting. On John Nichol appealing to him for silence, Scott said, "A bid of five shillings from Mr Nichol! thank you Mr Nichol. Who opposes Mr Nichol for an interesting memento of a lost cause?" and much to the same effect.

STOP IT YOURSEL'—WHAE BEGAN IT?

I STUDIED under Professor William Ramsay of Glasgow University, who was a very dignified man as well as a ripe accomplished scholar and excellent teacher. There was a blunt young student in his Junior Latin Class who in the course of the work one day had given a translation of a passage in one of the classics, the correctness of which the Professor challenged. The student, nothing abashed, defended his rendering, and, when again told it was wrong, still stuck to his guns. The Professor, with characteristic dignity and in an authoritative tone then said, "You must stop this arguing

with me, sir! It is most improper!" The student, feeling himself aggrieved, looked up and calmly rejoined, "Stop it yoursel', sir! whae began't?"

RAITHER DEE A NATURAL DEATH.

WHILE I was at College there was a medical student there, James Lammie, the son of a farmer in the parish of Mearns, near Glasgow. Unfortunately he not only was very irregular in attending his classes, but paid little attention when there, and altogether was so careless in his studies, and unsteady in his habits, that his education was greatly neglected, so much so, that he had no qualifications for the profession to which he aspired. His reputation in these respects was well-known to his acquaintances, including his old cronies at the parish school. Two farmers' sons, old school-fellows, were speaking about him one day, when the one said to the other, "Noo, Jock! if ye were seriously and dangerously ill, how wad ye like tae be doctored by Jamie Lammie?" "Man, Tam!" was the ready rejoinder, "a' wad raither dee a natural death!"

PROFESSOR BLACKIE AND HIS ASSES.

THE encounter between Professor Blackie of Edinburgh University and some of the members of his Greek Class is widely known, but it may be narrated here. Something had occurred after the meeting to prevent the Professor conducting his classes next day. He notified this on a black-board, which could be seen by his students, in the following terms:—"Professor Blackie regrets that he cannot meet his classes on Thursday." Some wag rubbed out the initial letter "C" from the word "classes," and much merriment naturally was created by the announcement being thereby made to read—"'Professor Blackie regrets he cannot meet his lasses." The Professor happening to pass when the notice stood thus, rubbed out the letter "l," and left it to read—"Professor Blackie regrets he cannot meet his asses."

MY BRITHER'S IN THE UNIVERSITY, SIR

A GENTLEMAN of a benevolent turn of mind and heart, when walking along a street in Glasgow, came upon a small, ragged, uncared-for-looking urchin, who was crying bitterly. "What's making you cry, boy? Have you no father to take care of you?" "No, sir, my faither's deid." "But where is your mother?" "My mither's deid tae, sir." "Well, but have you not a brother?" "Yes, sir, a' have ane brither." "Where is he?—does he not take care of you?" "No, sir, he disna look efter me; he's in the University." "He's in a position to pay fees and other outlays to enable him to attend the University, and yet leaves you in this starving, ragged condition! How long has he been in the University?" "Three years, sir." "Able to pay his way in the University all these years, and yet he lets you be in this deplorable state! His conduct is disgraceful!" "But, sir, he didna pay onything to get into the University." "How did he get into the University without fees?" "Please, sir, he's in a glass bottle there: he was born wi' twae heids."

TAKE CARE THAT DOES NOT OCCUR AGAIN.

LESS than half a century ago there was enrolled in a certain university class a middle-aged Highland student, who had a wife and family. Roderick MacTavish, though poor, had a strong desire for a college education, and lived an industrious and self-denying life in order to obtain it. The Professor examined, one day, the members of his bench, Roderick's name being the last on the list. Each one acquitted himself to the satisfaction of the Professor, who, however, in order to test them, called up the same bench the very next day. Not one of them was sufficiently prepared, and as each one failed, the Professor said to him, with stern voice and manner, "Mr So and So, will you speak to me at the end of the hour?" At length, Roderick's name being called, he rose, and with insinuating voice and manner said, "She'll speak to you, sir, at the end of the hour." This occasioned loud laughter, which was continued for a considerable time on the part of the whole class. There being a lull in the portion of the class-room where

Roderick was still standing, he said in an annoyed tone, and loud enough to be heard by his fellow-students in his immediate neighbourhood, but not by the Professor, "My wife was confined last night!" This remark renewed the outburst of laughter worse than ever, the Professor all along sitting with a face indicative of strong indignation at the gross misbehaviour of his class. By and by, the laughter having ceased, and silence prevailing, the Professor looked up and said sternly, "Mr MacTavish! take care, sir, that that does not occur again."

DR NORMAN M'LEOD OF ST COLUMBA AND THE DUKE OF SUSSEX.

THE Rev. Dr Stevenson, of Dalry, Ayrshire, to whom I acted as assistant, used to tell of the following incident in the experience of Dr Norman M'Leod of St Columba Gaelic Church, Glasgow, who was the father of his illustrious namesake the minister of the Barony Parish. On one occasion when Dr M'Leod was in London a message was conveyed to him from the Duke of Sussex, uncle of the late Queen Victoria, through a mutual friend that his Grace

would be much gratified if Dr M'Leod would call upon him. He complied with the invitation, and on his way into his Grace's residence he met a Highland piper attached to the Duke's establishment, with whom he had some conversation. In due course he was ushered into the presence of the Duke, who received him graciously and thanked him for his kindness in calling on him. After a little time spent in general conversation his Grace explained that the special reason why he was anxious to see him was, that he (the Duke) was deeply interested in versions of the Holy Scriptures in different languages, and being aware that Dr M'Leod was one of the greatest living authorities on the Gaelic language, he was desirous of hearing from him about the Gaelic Bible. At this point his Grace produced the Hebrew Bible, the sight of which, the Doctor explained, made him very uneasy; for he was afraid it might become apparent that he had allowed his knowledge of the Hebrew language to become rather rusty. Turning up the first chapter of Genesis, and pointing to the first verse, the Duke said: "It is a remarkable thing, Dr M'Leod, that in the Hebrew the

article is omitted; it is not, as in the English version, 'In the beginning God created,' etc., but it is simply 'In beginning.'" I just declared, repeated the Doctor, "it is a remarkable thing, your Grace, it is just the same in the Gaelic!" I got over every difficulty about the Hebrew by roundly declaring all through that it was just the same in the Gaelic. The Duke then said he would like to hear the Gaelic talked in its purity by two natives of the Highlands. He had a Highland piper attached to his establishment whom he would call up if the Doctor would kindly enter into conversation with him. Dr M'Leod said he would be delighted to do so; so the piper was summoned and duly appeared. "This is Dr M'Leod," said the Duke. "Ah yes! your Grace, a' the Hielands ken Dr M'Leod." Taking the initiative, and addressing the piper in Gaelic, the Doctor said, "Donald, he seems a decent sort of man this master of yours?" Replying in the same language Donald rejoined, "Hoot aye, man, Doctor! but he's a great fool for a' that!" When Dr M'Leod on his return to Scotland repeated the interview to his intimate friends, they naturally

exclaimed, "But, Doctor, it would have been very awkward if he had asked you to interpret! What would you have done?" "Keep your minds easy, my friends, don't alarm yourselves; I would have given a free translation!"

SERMONS AS DRY AS EVER.

WITHOUT doubt, the Rev. Dr Gillan of St John's, Glasgow, and latterly of Inchinnan in the Presbytery of Paisley, was the most witty and humorous minister in Scotland within living memory. He was an eloquent, impressive preacher, but his wit and humour were irrepressible. His predecessor at Inchinnan was the Rev. Dr Lockhart, who resigned his charge on succeeding his brother, the member of Parliament for Lanarkshire, as proprietor of the estate of Milton Lockhart. Dr Gillan had given Dr Lockhart the use of a room in Inchinnan Manse to store some boxes which he left behind. The latter, some time after, wrote the former to examine a particular box which contained sermons, and report if they were keeping quite dry. Dr Gillan replied in a characteristic letter

to the effect that he had carefully examined the box, and that the sermons were as dry as ever.

MODERATORS NOT GIVING LIGHT.

DR GILLAN'S translation from St John's to Inchinnan was coincident with the introduction of Moderator lamps, which being the means of effecting a much-needed and welcome improvement in the lighting of country houses, were much talked about at the time. At a private dinner-party, composed of leading Glasgow merchants, given in his honour, the conversation naturally related more or less to the principal guest's new home. One gentleman remarked, "Dr Gillan, you'll not have gas at Inchinnan: how do you propose to light the manse? Will you do it with Moderators?" "Moderators! Moderators!" was the instantaneous reply in his sharp clear voice. "I havena kent a Moderator for the last twenty years that has given a spark o' light." He referred, of course, to the Moderator of the General Assembly—a position which he subsequently filled.

"WERSH" SERMONS.

IN appearing at the Bar of the General Assembly in a disputed settlement case under Lord Aberdeen's Act, Dr Gillan had criticised unfavourably what were termed the "trial sermons" of the presentee. In doing so, he had several times characterised them as "wersh," being addicted to using terse Scotch forms of expression. Mr A. S. Cook, advocate —a member of a family connected with St Andrews, several of whose members, ministers, were very able men, but reputed to be rather dry preachers — was the Procurator or legal adviser of the General Assembly at the time. He rose and said, "The reverend gentleman at the Bar has more than once spoken of the presentee's sermons as being 'wersh.' Will he kindly explain what is a wersh sermon?" "Dear me," rejoined Dr Gillan, "extraordinary! you a Cook frae St Andrews and do not know what a wersh sermon is!" We may add that "wersh" means "insipid," "tasteless."

RAISING MY CELERY

WHEN a young man, Dr Gillan was minister of a church at Wishaw, the principal member of his congregation being Lord Belhaven, for many years Her Majesty's Lord High Commissioner to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland. He was one day working in his garden, which adjoined the highway, when Lord Belhaven, happening to pass, accosted him by asking, "What is that you are doing, Mr Gillan?" "Just, my Lord," was the suggestive reply, "what your lordship should have been doing long since—raising my celery (salary)."

THREE GENERATIONS OF MINISTERS.

THERE were a father, son, and grandson, ministers of the Church of Scotland,—the two former of whom occupied Chairs in two universities. The general opinion was, that in ability there was a marked falling off in each generation. Dr Gillan used to compare them to the Greek Article — adding that the first

was a man, the second an auld wife, and the third neither. Some one who had heard the grandson preach mentioned the circumstance to him. He asked, "What kind o' a sermon was it?—for if it had both manner and matter it would be his grandfaither's; if it had manner without matter, it would be his faither's; and if it had neither manner nor matter, it would be his ain."

GETTING HIS NOSE INTO GOOD COMPANY.

THE Rev. W. M'Dougall, U.P. Church, Paisley, visited the first Exhibition in London, and on the return journey had for company in the train, among others, the Rev. Patrick Brewster, of the second charge of the Abbey Parish, who was an active and extreme party politician on the Radical side. Pocket handkerchiefs on which were printed the heads of crowned persons, as well as of other celebrities of the day, were then in fashion. Mr Brewster produced one of these, with which he proceeded to blow his nose. One of the party asked him why in all the world he bought a handkerchief like that?

when Mr M'Dougall interposed with the remark that, "It was the only way by which Mr Brewster could get his nose in among decent people."

A GENTLEMAN—NOT A TAILOR.

THE late Mr James Thomson, the head of one of the leading firms of tailors and clothiers in Glasgow, used to tell of an incident in the experience of the famous "A.K.H.B." (Dr Boyd of St Andrews), when the latter was minister of Irongray, where he wrote his well-known "Recreations of a Country Parson." It occurred in "the fifties," when the bitter sectarian feelings occasioned by the Disruption of 1843 were still very prevalent and strong. During his first ministerial visit through the parish he called on a tailor who was a very keen Free Churchman. When he rose to leave, the latter said he would be pleased to have Mr Boyd calling again as a friend, but not as a minister. Mr Boyd, drawing himself up, rejoined: "I am much obliged to you, but when I call upon friends I call

upon gentlemen and not upon tailors." Mr Thomson used playfully to point out—at his own expense—that there is a distinction between tailors and gentlemen.

THE AULD OR THE NEW JERUSALEM?

WHEN I was an assistant in Paisley, the then minister of the High Church in that town paid a visit to the Holy Land. This was the Rev. Dr James M'Gregor, now minister of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh, known far and wide as one of the best preachers and platform orators in Scotland—or, for that matter, anywhere. An old woman belonging to his congregation said to his assistant and *locum tenens* when he called upon her: "A' hear Maister M'Gregor has gaen awa' tae Jerusalem. Is it the auld Jerusalem or the new Jerusalem he's awa' tae?" The assistant, who was equal to the occasion, replied: "He is away to the old Jerusalem in the meantime."

MILK CHURNED INTO BUTTER.

THE late Rev. Dr Campbell, minister of Kilwinning, Ayrshire, a very able and genial man, was present at a public banquet given in his parish by gentlemen in North Ayrshire, on the occasion of one of his parishioners, the late Mr William Lang, entering on the estate of Glengorm in the island of Mull, which he had recently purchased. Among other toasts the health of Dr Campbell was proposed in highly eulogistic terms by the late Rev. D. V. Thomson of Kilmarnock, who had a sincere and warm admiration of the minister of Kilwinning. In the course of his reply, Dr Campbell said: "I always knew that my friend, Mr Thomson, had a great deal of the *milk* of human kindness about him, but on this particular occasion he has *churned* it into *butter!*"

THE THREE PETERS.

DURING the last summer of my college course I acted as a student missionary in Clackmannan,

under the Rev. Peter Balfour, minister of the parish, who was tall, unusually erect in figure, and a man of the most upright character, for whose memory I entertain a warm regard. There were two other ministers in the neighbourhood whose Christian name was Peter—the minister of Alloa, who had a hot, fiery temper, and the minister of the United Presbyterian Church in the same town, who was soft and conciliatory to a degree. Some wag called them the three P.P.s, and his characterisation hit each of them off to a nicety. They were respectively, "Peter Perpendicular," "Peter Pepper," and "Peter Pawky."

THE REV. WALTER DUNLOP—HAM AND CHEESE.

DEAN RAMSAY relates some characteristic sayings of the above minister of the Relief Church in Dumfries — popularly known as "Wattie Dunlop"—whom I recollect when I was a boy. A young man, in the presence of others, said to him in the High Street of Dumfries: "Do ye see that midge on the midsteeple?" Shading his eyes with his hand he rejoined:

The Rev. Walter Dunlop—Ham and Cheese

"Oh yes! I see it winking with its left eye!" Mr Dunlop kept a pony on which he rode to visit his hearers, not a few of whom resided at a distance from the town, and who not unfrequently gave him presents in kind. On one occasion he got a present of a ham, and when some difficulty was experienced in getting it fastened on the saddle in front of him, he rather adroitly suggested that a cheese would make a good balance. One hot summer day Mr Dunlop was passing through the village of Roucan on foot, to visit some of his flock who lived not far from Lochmaben. He called at a thatched cottage and got some treacle ale—which, though now unknown, used to be a common beverage in my youth—to allay his thirst. He was refreshed by it, though it was rather new and flat in condition. On his way back in the afternoon he was wearied as well as hot, and he went into the cottage again and had a fresh draught of the ale. The old wife, who was the brewer and seller, expressed the fear that her ale was dead. "'Deed, mistress," said Wattie, "I'm not surprised it's dead by this time, for it was very weak when I passed in the forenoon!"

WATTIE DUNLOP—AT HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

MR DUNLOP was on cordial terms with all the ministers of the Church of Scotland in the district around Dumfries, one of his greatest friends being the Rev. Dr Wightman, minister of the parish of Kirkmahoe, who was an old bachelor. Mr Dunlop's wife died, and Dr Wightman among others was invited to attend the funeral. When the Doctor reached the door where Mr Dunlop was receiving those invited, the latter, whose humour was in evidence on all occasions, said to the former: "Come away, Doctor, come away! It'll be a lang time before ye can invite me on a similar occasion!"

A CHANGE OF PASTURE.

A MINISTER met a farmer from a neighbouring parish, and mentioned that he was to preach in his parish church next Sunday, as he had arranged an exchange with his minister. "A'm glad o' that," said the farmer. "Sheep aye

like a change o' pasture, whether it's tae better or tae waur. Oor grass is gae bare enoo, and it's seldom gude at ony time."

NO COMPLAINING AT CHANGE OF MINISTER.

A MINISTER in the West country was about to leave his parish and be translated to another. The minister of the adjoining parish, on meeting one of the parishioners, a farmer, remarked to him: "You'll all be very sorry that your minister is about to leave you?" "'Deed, sir," was the rather dry and significant reply, "a' havena heard onybody compleening."

PARISH MINISTER'S HORSE.

A FORFARSHIRE minister wished a new horse—what is popularly known as "a minister's beast" —suitable to overtake the sort of mixed and miscellaneous work which a quadruped with such an ownership is generally expected to perform. Without seeing the rather ludicrous

character of it, he put an advertisement in the local paper in these terms: "Wanted a horse, to do all the work of the parish minister. Apply," etc.

IF A' HAD BEEN A PADDOCK-STULE.

THE Rev. George Stevenson of —— was an ardent and accomplished naturalist, his specialty being his knowledge of, and partiality for, different classes of fungi. In fact, if he could hear of any rare specimens of the genus, he would not hesitate to go a long distance to see what in many districts in Scotland are popularly called "paddock-stules." He was calling one day on an old woman, a member of his congregation, who was complaining of the length of time since he had last paid her a visit. On his putting forward excuses for his delay, she cut these short by saying, "'Deed, sir, if a' had been a paddock-stule ye wad ha' been to see me lang syne."

FECKLESS BODY CHASING BUTTERFLIES.

THE minister of a certain parish, whom I knew, who was physically a delicate man, was a keen and accomplished naturalist. A gentleman who was driving past his manse in a hired carriage asked the driver what kind of a man the minister here was, and was told in reply, "Weel, sir, he's a feckless body wha's aye chasing butterflies."

FRIGHTENING RATS IN THE KIRK.

IN my early student days a certain gifted preacher of my acquaintance, the Rev. Samuel Creighton, who fell into bad health and died young, preached his first sermon after licence in the small Parish Church of Dalton, in Dumfriesshire. Unfortunately he became extremely nervous, and, losing control of his voice, spoke very loudly indeed. An acquaintance —a teacher from a neighbouring parish—went to hear him preach. On his way from church he met a mutual friend, who, knowing that he

had been to hear the young preacher, asked how he got on. "Do you know," was the reply, "the rats in Dalton Kirk have not got such a fright for many a day!"

TEN OTHER INNOCENT MISFORTUNES.

A PARISH minister with a small stipend and a large family, had difficulty, as can be readily understood, in giving his children of both sexes a good education, with the view of ensuring them a favourable start in life. He applied on behalf of one of them for a valuable bursary, the gift of the Governors of a certain high-class educational institution. He waited upon Lord S——, one of the most influential of the Governors, with the view of securing his lordship's support to his application. He stated his case with simple earnestness—told of his large family and poor income, of his strong desire to give his children a good education and a favourable start in life,—pointing out it was all he could hope to do for them. The noble lord, after hearing his tale with great patience, considera-

tion and courtesy, said, "Mr T——, I have great sympathy with you in the circumstances in which you are placed," and much to the same effect; but added, "I am afraid yours is not a case to get the benefit of this fund, for the money was left to assist in the education of the families of people who are in reduced circumstances through innocent misfortune."

His lordship had wished to emphasise the idea embodied in the phrase "reduced circumstances" —that the parent had once been better off— but the phrase, "innocent misfortune," was the one which caught the mind of the minister, for quick as thought he rejoined: "My Lord, in addition to this boy on whose behalf I'm pleading, I have ten other innocent misfortunes at home." The boy got the bursary!

THE BIG MINISTER AND THE WEE TAILOR.

I RECOLLECT a minister of the Church of Scotland, some forty years ago, who was popularly credited with turning the scales at 23 or 24 stones. It so happened that his

tailor was as unusually small in stature and weight as he was large. The tailor, measuring the minister one day for a suit of clothes, put the end of the tape on the most outstanding part of the minister's figure and said, "Now, Mr C——, will you be so good as hold your finger on the end of the tape there till I run round about you and come back again?"

MINISTER AND BEADLE—TIT FOR TAT.

A DUMFRIESSHIRE parish minister who was apt to be rather abrupt, if not actually gruff in his manner, was preaching, by way of exchange, in the church of the neighbouring parish, of which Wull Stitt was beadle. When the service was concluded and the minister had returned to the vestry, he said, "Wull, the kirk was very thin to-day. Surely the people here are getting very careless and irregular in their attendance, are they not?" Wull, who felt bound to defend his fellow-parishioners, and who, moreover, without effort could be as gruff as their critic, replied, "'Deed, sir, there wad hae been a hantle fewer here if they had kent that it was you who was to preach."

CHOOSING A MINISTER, A HORSE OR A COO.

A STIRLINGSHIRE farmer's idea how to choose a minister was based on principles at once comprehensive and sound. A new minister had recently been chosen for the church in which the farmer was a regular worshipper. A gentleman in his immediate neighbourhood, Mr C. M. King of Campsie, said to the farmer, "What do you think of our new minister, Mr B——?" "Oh! a' think a great deal o' him; he's a first-rate preacher." "I entirely agree with you," rejoined Mr King; "in fact I think him so good that I'm afraid he'll not stay long with us, but be appointed to a more important charge." "Ah, weel! Mr King, a'll tell ye my view o't; a' wad chuse a minister as a' wad chuse a horse or a coo, or ony ither nout beast: a' wad just like to hae every ane o' them that gude a' could either keep them or pairt wi' them!"

WEE MINISTERS.

ON the occasion of a vacancy in the ministry of a West Highland parish a short leet of three candidates selected by the Congregational Committee preached in the church on successive Sundays. The first was diminutive in stature, the second more so, and the third the smallest of all. A lady in the congregation remonstrated with a member of the Committee and demanded to know why such small candidates had been selected. The explanation given was in these terms: "Weel, mum, ye see the steepends hae become very small, and they're no bringing oot such big ministers as they used to do."

THE DANGER OF INTERPRETING THE PROPHECIES.

THE Rev. Andrew Jamieson — who by the way was an uncle of Dr Jamieson of South African Raid fame — was minister of St Mungo, in Dumfriesshire, from 1803 to 1861. In a Separate Register of the Presbytery of

Lochmaben he inserted an interesting, and in some particulars an amusing, account of the parish, including his predecessors, the heritors, and parishioners generally. Concerning one of his predecessors he remarks: "Mr Imrie was fond of interpreting the Prophecies, but he lived long enough to see the folly of his own interpretations." He placed statements in quaint juxtaposition, as, for example, speaking of the same minister: "His good cheer and home-brewed ale are remembered to this day (after the lapse of about half a century); his library was extensive."

AN UNNECESSARILY LONG LEASE.

THE Rev. Dr John Cumming of Crown Court Church, London, was, like the foregoing Mr Imrie, very much given to interpret the Prophecies. He was unusually rash in the minuteness and precision with which he condescended on the exact dates at which, in his view, outstanding events, which he mentioned, were to happen. He even definitely specified the very year in which, according to his

interpretation of prophecy, the world was to come to an end. The *Times* newspaper rather put the self-confident interpreter at a disadvantage when it announced the intelligence, which it had discovered, that Dr Cumming had taken a lease of his house in London for some ten years or thereby after the world, according to his representations, was to come to an end!

RAMROD AS WELL AS STOCK, LOCK, AND BARREL WANTED.

IN a Lanarkshire parish, forty years ago, "Laird Black" was a well-known local character. The minister, who was a stiff-mannered, formal man, and far from being a brilliant preacher, had called a meeting of the heritors to consider some repairs on the manse which he wished to be executed. Laird Black acted as chairman of the meeting and took his seat in the precentor's desk. The minister, rising, said in his stiff formal way, "What is required is a new stock, a new lock, and a new barrel," upon which the laird added, "Aye, and a new ramrod tae, minister."

SAY NOTHING AGAINST SALVATION ARMY.

WHEN officiating some years ago in a church in the capital of the Highlands, I wore my hood as an LL.D. of the University of Glasgow. A rather bright scarlet is the predominant colour of that hood. A day or two after, an old woman in the congregation said to the minister—misled no doubt by the colour of the hood: "A'll never say a word against the Salvation Army again! He's a rael decent-looking auld man yon!"

A SERMON LIKE A PAWN-SHOP.

A DUMFRIESSHIRE minister of last generation was preaching in the church of a neighbouring parish one Sunday. He was a man of decided ability, but did not always spend sufficient time in the preparation of his sermons. The following week the wife of the minister's man spoke of the sermon to her own minister in the following terms:—"It was a guid sermon in a way; there were lots of guid things in't, but a' tell ye,

sir, it was juist like a pawn-shop—there was nae sort o' order in't, a' things were mixed together!" This woman, it may be added, had loose views on some theological subjects. She said to her minister one day: "The deevil!—dae ye ken a' dinna believe in the deevil ava! He's guid eneuch to bring up weans wi' and to frighten them sae as tae keep them oot o' mischief, but that's a'."

CANNOT WALK CIRCUMSPECTLY BEFORE WOMEN.

A HIGHLAND minister, preaching from the text, "Walk circumspectly before men," said, "You will observe, my brethren, the text says, 'Walk circumspectly before *men*' (laying emphasis on men), not before *women* (even greater emphasis on women), for that is impossible!"

He added: "The text says, 'Walk circumspectly.' What is it to walk circumspectly? You have seen a cat walking along the top of a garden-wall laid with broken bottles (laying his elbows down on the book-board and illus-

trating the movements of the cat by lifting his arms from the elbow alternately). She puts one paw down there, avoiding the broken bottles, and another paw down there, avoiding the broken bottles. That, my brethren, is walking circumspectly!"

MINISTERS TAKING SILLER OOT O' FOLK.

A LITTLE boy, the son of a country tradesman, while handling some money which had been left on the table, put a sixpence in his mouth, and unintentionally swallowed it. His mother, on becoming aware of what had happened, became very much alarmed. Hurriedly calling the elder brother she said, "Rin, Wullie, for the doctor; Johnnie has swallowed a sixpence, and it'll kill him." "No, mither, a'll no gang for the doctor, but if ye like a'll gang for the minister." "And what wull ye gang for the minister for?" "Because, mither, a've often heard my faither say that if there's siller in a body the minister's sure to tak' it oot o' them."

IF I HAD A TAIL I WOULD WAG IT TOO.

WHEN I was assistant in the Middle Church, Paisley, upwards of forty years ago, the Rev. Fergus Jardine (who afterwards went to the West Indies, where he died) was assistant to the Rev. Dr MacGregor of the High Church (now of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh). There was a minister of a parish within walking distance of Paisley, at that time, who had rightly or wrongly a reputation which the occupants of few manses have ever had, viz., of treating very shabbily those who officiated for him in his absence. It was said their bed was insufficiently clad; they got only a bantam's egg to breakfast, and the other hospitalities were alleged to be of a similar stinted character. Mr Jardine had come through this experience—had preached, walked into Paisley, and done his own assistant's duty in the evening, without any opportunity of supplemental refreshment. He and several other clerics gathered together in the Middle Manse in the evening, where Mr Alison (afterwards Dr Alison of Newington), entertained the company to a sumptuous hot supper. While

we were regaling ourselves, Mr Jardine narrated his recent experiences, and a tale of woe it was. He impressed us by word and action how much he was appreciating this excellent repast after what he had come through. A small terrier dog with a cut tail was in the room, and as it had been supplied with food by some one from the table, it was running about wagging its short tail in a perfect ecstasy of delight. By and by, it came round to Mr Jardine—who was plying his knife and fork with evident relish—and put its fore-paws upon his knee. Looking down upon it in full appreciation of the cause of its obvious enjoyment, he exclaimed, "My wee doggie, if I had a tail I would wag it too!"

HOT WATER ON FRIDAY NIGHTS.

IN 1843 the Rev. Mr Shaw was minister of Ewes, a very small parish near Langholm. A bachelor, he was convivial in his tastes and habits, being fond of toddy, though never visibly affected by drink. Four or five of the extensive sheep farmers in the parish were in the habit of calling at the manse every Friday evening to

ask for the minister's health. He appreciated this attention on the part of the principal people in his flock, and he would have been much disappointed had they omitted to call—all the more so that the company spent the evening drinking toddy. On the Sunday after the secession from the Church of Scotland, in 1843, Mr Shaw said at the close of the service, "My friends, no doubt you have all heard of the great disruption of the Church which took place at Edinburgh last week. I do not know what course you intend to follow in regard to it, and I do not wish unduly to influence you. As for myself, I am contented where I am, and I mean to remain where I am; and I have only this further to add, that whatever you may do, there will be hot water in the manse on Friday nights as usual." It is unnecessary to add there was no disruption at Ewes!

PREACHING A MERE NOMINAL NAETHING.

A CELEBRATED divine, who is an excellent preacher and prominent ecclesiastic, used to tell the following against himself, which occurred

during his ministry in his first parish. An old farmer of outstanding individuality was calling one day on the widow of the former minister in a neighbouring town. She was asking after the parishioners, and particularly after the new minister, and in regard to the latter his report and pronouncement were, "He's getting on rael weel! I like him very weel as a man, but as for his preaching—it's a mere nominal naething!"

THE SUN AND MOON SHINING THROUGH THE BEADLE.

NEARLY two hundred years ago there was a disputed settlement in the Parish of Dalton in the Presbytery of Lochmaben. The parish had been vacant for about a couple of years, and though urgently enjoined by the Presbytery to choose a minister, the congregation refused to do so. At length the Presbytery intervened and appointed one, and proceeded to ordain and induct him. The proceedings are minutely recorded in the Minutes of the Presbytery, from which it appears that when the Presbytery went to the church, they found the two doors in

the basement, as well as the three doors at the top of the outside stairs leading to the galleries, barricaded. The people appeared in considerable numbers, headed by one of the heritors, Mr Carruthers of Denbie. "Denbie," as he is styled in the record, used not only plain, but disrespectful and abusive language to the Presbytery, and he also threatened the church-officer that if the latter opened the doors of the church he (Denbie) "would run his sword through him and permit both the sun and the moon to shine through him." This peculiar and unusual form of threat would seem to imply that at the period when the incident occurred there was a dread, at all events among the common people, of having one's dead body exposed to the elements and of being deprived of a decent burial. The Presbytery carried out the induction in a private house in the village.

NO AYE RIDIN' ON THE RIGGIN' O' THE KIRK.

IN the early "eighties" Mr Andrew Montgomery of Nether Hall and I were driving through the Machars of Wigtownshire. We called at the

farm of Gass, in Kirkcowan parish, then tenanted by Mr Hannay, who was in some respects a character. When I had been introduced to him and he had realised who I was, he said, "A'm rael glad tae see ye! A've very often heard tell o' ye, though a' never saw ye afore! A'm rael glad tae see ye tak' an interest in farmers and their stock. A man may be fond eneuch o' the kirk, but he needna be aye ridin' on the riggin' o't."

BETTER HAE WROCHT OOR PETER.

A FARMER and his wife in Kirkmichael parish, Dumfries, upwards of three-quarters of a century ago, went to a church in the neighbouring parish to hear their son preach his first sermon. It was only too evident, even to their partial judgment, that their son, on whose education much money—saved by their own industry and thrift—had been spent, had mistaken his profession, and that there was no hope of him succeeding as a preacher. They did not compare notes until they had reached home,

when the one assented regretfully to the pronouncement of the other in these terms, "We had better hae wrocht (worked) oor Peter!"

EDUCATED AT THE WRANG END.

A NEW minister had come to a certain parish, which shall be nameless. John Clark, farmer and cattle-dealer, Hightown, was an exemplary attender at the Kirk, or, as he himself was wont to express it, he "sat under him every Sunday." Rightly or wrongly the hearer had a poor opinion of this minister's preaching. Ere long, he met the young minister at an evening party, where the latter joined for a short time in the dancing, and the conclusion the farmer came to in his own mind was, that while he was a poor preacher, he was an unusually good dancer. A native of the parish meeting the farmer at a fair at some distance, said to him, "Hightown, how is the new minister getting on? What kind of a man is he?" "Ah weel," was the ready reply, "he's a rael nice, free man, but tae tell ye the truth, a' think he's been educated at the wrang end."

HAPPY DOING NOTHING.

A MINISTER—a farmer's son, whose father and mother I knew—told me that when located in the North of England he was travelling in a railway-carriage in which were some coal-miners. The conversation had turned upon hard physical work, and the minister joining in it had explained that, when a youth on his father's farm, he had worked many a day as hard and as long as any labouring man in the country. One of the miners remarked, evidently with the approval of his mates: "A' hae nae doot noo ye wad just be as happy then as ye have been since ye became a minister and do naething!" He obviously looked upon a minister's life as one of entire idleness!

THE BAGPIPES—HEAVENLY MUSIC!

I KNEW at college Mr M'Lean, a very worthy but poor Highland student who struggled hard, as many others in Scotland have successfully done, to complete his college course with a

view to obtaining licence as a preacher. To support himself and to pay his class-fees he made wicker-work cases for vitriol bottles at St Rollox Chemical Works, Glasgow. His ambition was to be minister of what he called "a meal kirk"—by which he meant a church where the stipend was regulated according to the fiar's prices of grain, such stipends being generally larger than those of what are known as Parliamentary churches, which are numerous in the Highlands. His wishes in this respect, sad to say, were not realised, for he died not long after being licensed. He naturally had a profound love of all people and things Highland. Speaking of a lady's playing on the piano and singing, he said, "Oh, it's beautiful! it's divine! it's heavenly! It's just like the bagpipes!"

A £70 MINISTER.

MR M'LEAN above referred to obtained licence as a probationer. A kindly interest was taken in him by the celebrated Dr Norman M'Leod, minister of the Barony Parish, Glasgow, who

helped forward many a hard-struggling, deserving student. Dr M'Leod was requested by the Governors of Irvine Combination Poorhouse, Ayrshire to send them a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, to act as chaplain to the Institution. He sent Mr M'Lean, for whom all his fellow-students—of whom I was one—had a sincere respect. The Governors came by and by to appreciate his sterling worth, but at first, in consequence of his being "very Hielan'" in his manner and speech, they were a little disappointed with him. Provost Campbell of Irvine, one of the leading Governors, meeting Dr M'Leod, said, "What kind of chaplain was that you sent us the other day?" "Well, Provost, you wanted a £70 minister, and I sent you one. If your salary had been £100 you would have got a different man!"

PAUPERS VERY CRITICAL.

MR M'LEAN'S duties consisted in teaching a few children in the Poorhouse, conducting morning and evening worship daily, and preaching to the paupers on the Sunday. The Rev.

Catching a Salmon and Writing a Sermon

Mr Anderson, now minister of Fettercairn, when assistant to the minister of Irvine, calling on him one Saturday, found him writing the first copy of his sermon for the following day on a slate, and thereafter transcribing it on paper. "Dear me, M'Lean," said Mr Anderson, on realising what was being done, "are you always as particular as this in preparing your sermons for the paupers?" "Hoot aye, man, Anderson," was the ready rejoinder, "they're very critical down here." The explanation turned out to be that worthy Mr M'Lean had unfortunately ascertained that his sermons were severely criticised every Sunday by an inmate who had formerly been a schoolmaster, and who had been brought to the Poorhouse by drink, and he wrote every word of his sermon with that critic before his eye.

CATCHING A SALMON AND WRITING A SERMON.

A PREACHER declared that he could write a sermon and catch a salmon before breakfast. Most people will agree with the preference

expressed by the person to whom the above statement was made, to the effect that he would rather help to eat the salmon than listen to the sermon.

SHORT TIME TO WRITE A SERMON.

A MINISTER boasted to a person that he could write a sermon in an extremely short space of time, which he specified. Repeating this to an acquaintance of the preacher the person to whom the remark was made said, "I can scarcely believe it." "Ah!" was the apt rejoinder, "you would believe him if you heard the sermon."

SCENE.

Lockerbie Station on Monday morning, during sitting of the General Assembly; eight or ten young clerics at the station, who have been preaching for members of Assembly. The train from the South steams into the station.

English Tourist in Train: "I say, Porter—

Porter! Who are all these parsons whom I see at the station?"

Porter: "Oh, these young ministers, sir? They are returned empties, sir!"

CIRCUS HORSES AND MINISTERS.

THE Rev. Peter Donaldson, a Lanarkshire minister, was in the habit of having a congregational soiree every year. The annual function had passed off with even more than the usual *éclat.* The following week, meeting an old woman, Mrs Thomson, whom he had noticed present, he said to her, "Mrs Thomson, I observed you were at the soiree the other evening; I hope you enjoyed it?" "Oh aye, a' did that, Mr Donaldson—maist uncommonly a' together. Ye see, Minister, there are twae things a'm extra fond o'. A'm an auld woman noo, and getting verra stiff, but a' wad gang ony distance tae see an' hear them." The minister becoming much interested, said, "And what, Mrs Thomson, may I ask, are these two things?" "'Deed aye, sir, a'll tell ye what they are: just horses at a circus, and ministers at a soiree."

SCENE.

Sale of books, by late James M'Lean, Auctioneer, Annan. On a lot of books being put before him, and "Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures" *being noticed.*

Auctioneer: "Here's a book a' maun sell by itsel'! Now, you bachelors, here's your chance to get some insight into the on-goings under married life—'Mrs Caudle's Curtain Lectures!' How much for it?"

Parish Minister (*in subdued voice*): "Take it home, Mr M'Lean!"

Auctioneer (*loudly*): "Na, na! Minister, neither you nor me need tae tak' it hame: we can get it at hame withoot the book!"

(*Collapse of the Minister.*)

ENTRUSTED TO THE WRONG PARTY.

A MINISTER from a large town was visiting a rural parish, and conducted the service in the parish church on the Sunday. There had

been a lengthened spell of severe drought, and the minister was asked to pray for rain. He did so, and early in the following week the rain came in torrents, and destroyed some of the crops, doing injury to others. Two elders who were farmers chanced to meet, and were lamenting the disaster to the crops when the one remarked to the other, "This comes o' entrusting sic' a request to a minister wha isna acquainted wi' farming!"

ENGLISH ARTIST AND HIGHLAND MINISTER.

A FEW years ago an English artist happened to be spending the summer in one of the most beautiful of the Ross-shire parishes. When Sunday came, he asked if there was an Anglican church in the neighbourhood, and on being told that there was not, he inquired where he could attend a service of Divine worship. He was directed to the Free Church of the parish. The minister was a most interesting personality, known far and wide for his eccentricities and sharp wit. The young Englishman strolled along leisurely, and came across a very fine

specimen of the blind-worm on the road. He examined it carefully, and, considering it a very beautiful creature, put it into his pocket, intending, doubtless, to have it preserved. The Highlander has a great dislike of the serpent, but not being very discriminating in his knowledge, he classifies blind-worms, snakes, and vipers, all under the old-fashioned name of serpent (*naither*). The artist found a seat in the front pew of the gallery, and all went well during the early part of the service; but shortly after the people had settled down to listen to the sermon, the blind-worm issued from the pocket of the artist and peered over the gallery. The minister noticed the unusual appearance, and, severely frowning upon the offending worshipper, said: "Young man, you are making fun in the House of God." The young man could not understand what was meant, and looked much perplexed. This perplexity only increased the suspicion of the minister, who, in stern tones, said: "Young man, leave the House of God, and take the image of your father with you."

NEXT HEAD, OR SECOND DUX.

THE Rev. Dr Colvin was minister of the parish of Johnstone in Dumfriesshire, where I was born, and he baptised me. One afternoon he met a boy on his way from the Parish School, and questioned him as to his lessons. On asking the boy what position he occupied in his class, the youngster, with an important air, said, "I'm next head (dux), sir!" The Doctor commended him for the creditable position he occupied, in token of which he gave him a sixpence. But as he was in the act of leaving him it occurred to the Doctor to ask how many there were in the class. Quite unabashed, the youth replied, "Me and a wee lassie." He was not only next head, but also at the bottom of the class. I may add I was not the boy in question!

A PUPPY O' THAT SORT.

TWO ministers of neighbouring parishes, exchanged pulpits one Sunday, the Rev. Mr Peebles officiating in a parish church

which shall be nameless. After the service Mr Peebles said to the beadle, "George, I hope the people would not think my sermon was too short to-day." "A' dinna think they wad, sir; but may I make bold to ask what ye're speiring that for?" "Well, you see, George, when it was arranged that I was to preach here to-day, I selected a sermon and laid it down on a chair in my study. I have a dog which frequents the study very much. It got hold of the sermon, tore off the last four leaves, and destroyed them entirely, so that I could make no use of them. But I thought that since I had chosen it I would just preach what remained of it, and I was afraid the people might consider it too short." Quick as thought George asked, "Oh, sir, could ye no get oor minister a puppy o' that sort?"

LOCK THE DOOR WHEN YE'RE DUNE.

A MINISTER on one occasion preached an unusually long and dreich sermon. It partook of this character to such an extent that the

congregation, one after another, rose and left their pews until nobody remained in the church except the beadle. Faithful and patient, though long-suffering, official as he was, he stood it as long as he could. At last even his patience also was exhausted, so leaving his pew he slowly and noiselessly ascended the pulpit stair, and taking the key of the church out of his pocket, he held it in front of the minister, saying, "If ye please, sir, when ye're dune, wad ye be sae gude as lock the door?"

SLEEPING IN CHURCH.

SLEEPING in church is a weakness occasionally given way to in Scotland as elsewhere. An acquaintance of mine was upbraided by some of his friends at the close of the service for taking a good sound snooze during the sermon, when he replied, "Ah weel, if a' ha'ena been edified a've at a' events been refreshed!" His time, in his view, had not been entirely lost.

A commercial traveller, who had "dropped over," partially awoke, and on hearing the

minister's voice, called out "Season!" He evidently imagined he was in a railway-carriage, and that a ticket-collector was calling for his ticket.

An old farmer, John Hamilton of Torthorwald, near Dumfries, became so deaf that he could hear very little in church, far less follow the service, but he was so exemplary a man that he continued to attend church for the sake of setting a good example. Having fallen asleep one day he partially awoke, and mistaking the dull sound of the minister's voice for the chatter of his work-people—which he sought to check—he called out, "Less o' your talk and mair o' your wark!"

A MINISTER GETTING HIS PEATS LED.

ABOUT two hundred and fifty years ago there was a minister of Tundergarth, near Lockerbie who is said to have worked on the superstitions of his parishioners to serve his own selfish ends. There is a farm in the parish, Caplefoot, popularly called "Kipplefit." One Sunday, before commencing the service, the minister said, "My

friends, I had a wonderfu' dream yestreen. I dreamed I met the auld muckle-horned deil—the biggest o' a' the deils—and I asked him where he was gaun, and he said 'To Tundergarth Sacrament.' But I tauld him he micht gang his ways; he shouldna get ane o' them, if it michtna be John o' Kipplefit, and he shouldna get him either if he would lead my peats this year." And having thus made sure of the leading of his peats, he addëd, "Let us proceed to the exercises of the day."

THE WAY TO DRY A KIRK GABLE.

THE late Duke of Buccleuch called one day at the manse of a parish where he was the sole heritor. "Now," said his Grace, "you're not to bring any business before me to-day. I have just come in a friendly way to pay my respects to you." After getting the Duke some refreshments the minister said, "You must excuse me, your Grace, but I want you to take a look at the church for a few minutes; I won't detain you." They went to the church, where the minister pointed to decided dampness on the

wall facing the pulpit, and asked that it might be remedied. "I'll tell you, Mr ——, how we'll easily cure that. We'll remove the pulpit to that wall, and then it will soon be dry enough!"

FROM KILMARNOCK TO BANGOR

THERE was a native of Dalry, in Ayrshire, during my sojourn in the place, who went to officiate as a candidate for the office of precentor in a church in Ardrossan. Becoming nervous he went away from the tune, and of course blamed the congregation for the untoward occurrence. Speaking, on his return to Dalry, to some of his cronies, he abused the congregation, winding up with the charge, "I began at Kilmarnock, and before I knew what I was about the beggars had me at Bangor!"

IS THERE ONYTHING GAUN FOR 'T?

WHEN I was assistant in Dalry, Ayrshire, I knew and respected highly Mr John Speir, who farmed his own property of Newside. His

son is Mr John Speir, Newton Farm, Glasgow, the well-known authority in the agricultural world. Living in the same parish were Mr James M'Cosh, writer, Parkhill, and Mr David Patrick, Waterside, who, besides being the most influential persons in the place, held almost all the well-paid public appointments in North Ayrshire. Dr Stevenson, minister of the parish, called on Mr Speir, and in the name of the Kirk-Session asked him to accept of the office of Elder. Mr Speir, who was a very modest man, looked up and said, "Is there onything gaun for 't?" The minister replied, "No, Mr Speir, the office carries with it no money payment." "A' was thinking that," rejoined Mr Speir, "for if there had been onything gaun for 't, Mr M'Cosh and Mr Patrick wad have had it before now."

SOD ELDERS.

THE Rev. Dr Wightman of Kirkmahoe, near Dumfries, had recently admitted into the Kirk-Session a number of new elders. Some critics said regarding them what could be said of

most people, that they were no better than they should have been. A friend of the minister, who rightly or wrongly put this estimate on them, remonstrated with the venerable Doctor regarding them by saying, "Doctor, I wonder you made these men elders." The minister in his reply happily gave expression to the sentiment that one must do the best one can with such material as is available. "Well, my friend, if you were building a dyke and had not stones, you would be very glad to take sods." Thereafter the Kirkmahoe elders were spoken of as "the Sod Elders."

GAUN TAE SHUTE TWA O' THEM.

A BATCH of new elders were being appointed in a pastoral parish in Dumfriesshire, where the practice of putting out or shoving out the poorer sheep from a flock periodically was invariably followed. The process is popularly spoken of as "shuting" (shoving) them out, and the inferior sheep so put out are known as "the shots." By desire of the Kirk-Session the minister had intimated that four new elders were to be added

to the Kirk-Session, but that each member of the congregation was asked to put a list containing the names of six suitable persons in the plate, and the Kirk-Session would take the four which proved to have the greatest number of nominations. A farmer, who attended the church, narrated the foregoing precedure to a neighbouring minister in his own language, and then added, "Ye see, it's a queer thing they're gaun to dae! They're gaun tae shute twae and make shots o' them."

NO MEDDLE WI' THE ELDERSHIP.

A WIGTOWNSHIRE farmer, who also did some business as a horse-dealer, was asked by his minister to accept office as an elder, but he declined, and being pressed to comply with the request, which the minister was careful to explain he made as the unanimous wish of the members of the Kirk-Session, he proceeded, "I think it'll no dae! Ye see, I sometimes buy and sell a bit beastie or twa. I think I'll no meddle wi't."

NAE MAIR SPREES.

A WELL-KNOWN South country minister, having been requested by his Kirk-Session to sound a parishioner with the view of having him appointed to the eldership, called one evening at his house. He was not at home, but his wife was. It was evident that she was in a state of suppressed wrath, especially when any reference was made to her lord and master. The minister, thinking that an explanation as to the object of his visit would gratify and tend to soothe her, informed her that the Kirk-Session proposed John for the eldership, and he was here to ask his acceptance of the office. "Faith, he'll dae naething o' the kind!—he's mixed up wi' far ower mony drucken sprees already; for ony sake dinna lead him into ony mair. He's never been quite richt since he joined the Curlin' Club."

RATHER HARD ON THE ELDER.

A PARISH minister in one of the Western islands, at the close of the service one Sunday, made

the following intimation from the pulpit: "Mr M'Nab, the Laird of Dalgarnoch, will be ordained as an elder in this church next Sabbath day. Many suitable men were asked to be elders, but they all declined!" It was not intended to be offensive, what was meant being that the laird was a comparatively new comer, and that, to the minister's regret, several old residenters would not accept office.

KIRKYARD DYKES.

THE saying is well-known of the laird in the olden times who, when the minister applied to him to build a new churchyard wall, gave as his excuse for refusing the request: "It is my invariable practice never to build dykes until the tenants complain." Much to the same effect was the reply of another laird to a similar request. "There's no occasion to build a dyke round the kirkyard. Nobody can come out of it, and as few want to go into it!"

HAE COME OOT O' THE GRAVE.

JOHN TAIT, church-officer and grave-digger, St Michael's, Dumfries, who long pointed out the burying-place of Burns, was, like not a few of his class, a bit of a character. A vacancy had occurred through the translation to another parish of a very zealous and active minister, who kept John more busy than he cared for, going messages for him. A successor had been inducted, who, though a very popular and efficient minister, did not make such frequent calls on the church-officer as his predecessor had done. One of the elders, Mr R. B. Carruthers, said to John one day: "John! you'll not be kept so busy running messages for the new minister as for the old one." "No, Mr Carruthers," was the beadle's ready reply; "he was an awfu' minister yon; he kept me aye rin, rinning up and doon the toon for him. Dae ye ken, Mr Carruthers, a've come oot o' the grave tae rin messages for him!"

UP SHE COMES.

WHEN I was assistant in Dalry, Ayrshire, the wife of a farmer in the parish whom I knew died, and was buried in the churchyard of Kilwinning, where he was the owner of a farm. The grave-digger who officiated at the interment was Robin Alison, who had not a few idiosyncracies of character, including a blunt abrupt manner and way of speaking. It used to be said of Robin that he never was so far from Kilwinning as not to be within hearing of the bell when it was rung. After the grave had been filled up, the chief mourner said, "Robin, what's yer chairge?" "Three and saxpence," shortly replied the official. Taking out of his pocket a long silk purse with a knot tied on it, the newly-made widower—who, there is reason to believe, had the too well deserved reputation of being very penurious—took a 2s. 6d. piece out of it and said, "There's half a crown, Robin; if yer as weel paid for every ane ye'll mak' siller at it." "A'll no hae't," replied the grave-digger. "Tak't, Robin, tak't, it's sure money." "A'll no hae't," was the characteristically brief rejoinder.

The farmer at that point put the 2s. 6d. back into the purse, saying, "Ah weel! then, ye maun just want it." Without dallying a moment Robin, who had still the spade in his hand, energetically put it into the grave, saying with emphasis, "Very weel, then, up she comes!" The sequel does not need to be told. This incident was told to me as above by one of the best narrators of Scotch stories I ever knew—the late Mr M'Rorie, Inspector of Poor, Kilwinning.

BIBLE CONSTANTLY USED.

A MINISTER, when going to preach in a friend's church at some distance, as he was in the habit of doing every few months, took for the beadle, whom he had long known, a copy of the Bible handsomely bound in calf, and in presenting it, hoped he would make frequent use of it. When back at the same church on a similar occasion he expressed the hope that the beadle had carried out his promises to make good and frequent use of the Bible. "'Deed aye have a', sir; a' mak' use o't twice every week." "I am very pleased to hear it, but may I ask,

William, how you happen to use it so regularly two times in the week." "Weel, sir, ye see a' sharpen ma razor on't every time a' shave, and it pits a rael gude edge on't."

FEELINGS NOT INTERFERING WITH DUTY.

THE Beadle of Graitney Parish officiated professionally at the burial of his sister, not only digging the grave in the family burying-ground, but doing his usual duties in his ordinary clothing on the day of the interment. The minister happened to be from home, and on his return he found that the feelings of the parishioners had been very much outraged by the want of proper feeling manifested. On being remonstrated with by the minister, the grave-digger's defence was, "Weel, ye see, Mr Bell, a' never alloos my feelings to interfere wi' my duty!"

AN UNDERTAKER'S WHISTLE.

IN a certain village there was a joiner who acted as undertaker in the neighbourhood, and also a strong-minded lady who was fond of

making sarcastic remarks. One day when she was leaning over her gate, talking to a neighbour of the same sex, the joiner chanced to pass, whistling as he went along. He overheard her ask her companion if she could inform her who was dead. "Nobody has died that I have heard of." "Ah!" rejoined the heroine, "there maun hae been a death, for it's a sign that he has got a coffin to mak' when he whustles."

This suggests the incident of a beadle who, when on making his usual Sunday morning call at the manse, was asked by the minister's wife how John Henderson, who had been reputed to be dangerously ill, was keeping, when he somewhat abruptly answered, "A' canna' say; ye see, being grave-digger, a' dinna like to spier, for they micht think a' had an interest."

AN AULD WOMAN AND SAIR SPENT.

JACOB ROBERTSON, a small farmer, and latterly a labourer, who lived at one time in Mouswald Parish, buried his mother in the family burying-

ground in the churchyard of Dalton. She had lived to a very advanced age. Jacob, who was a bit of a character, insisted on getting a luck-penny from the Dalton grave-digger when he paid him his usual fee for an interment. He used not a few arguments in support of his demand, but James Swan, the official, was firm, and would not return anything from the payment, which was only 2s. 6d. or some such small sum. As a last ground of appeal Jacob added, "Mind ye, James, she was an auld woman and was sair spent." But James was relentless, as he might well be.

GRAVE-DIGGER WISHING CONSTANT WORK.

GEORGE IRVING filled the office of grave-digger in Mouswald about sixty years ago. In an interview with the minister of the parish at the time—the Rev. Andrew Murray—George complained that he did not get constant work. "But, George," said the minister, "if you were to be constantly employed in

the duties of the office, you would soon bury the whole parish." "That micht be, sir, but hoo am a' to keep a wife and family unless a' get regular work? 'Deed, sir, a' havena buried a leevin' soul for the last six weeks!" George eventually continued in the office without any such condition, and nobody ever alleged that he wished to get any of the parishioners prematurely into his hands.

GRAVE-DIGGER'S BUSINESS FLAT.

ON his way home from the market-town, a sexton was joined by a companion, who, after some remarks about the severity of the spring, and the amount of illness and deaths in the neighbourhood, said to him, "Ye'll be very busy enoo, Dauvid: they tell me ye're grave-digger in three pairishes?" "'Deed, just middling," said the honest sexton. "Weel, ye see, Crossmichael's just fair; Balmaghie's no bad; but as for Parton, it's dune"—the population being very small in the latter parish, and generally very healthy.

THE "CLAD SCORE"

THE minister of Parton makes the following statement in the old Statistical Account written in 1790:—"A few years ago a man died above ninety, who about eight months before his death got a complete set of new teeth, which he employed till near his last breath to excellent purpose. He was four times married, had children by all his wives, and at the baptism of his last child, which happened only a year before his death, with an air of complacency he expressed his thankfulness to his Maker for having at last sent him the clad score, that is twenty-one."

MORRISON'S CLAES FITTED ME BEST.

THERE are many stories told about Wull Stitt, beadle at Durrisdeer in Nithsdale. Wull, whom I recollect well, was a man of about six feet two inches in height, with broad shoulders. There had been a succession of ministers of moderate height during his official career—including the late Rev. Dr Smith, afterwards of Kirknewton, and the late Rev. Dr Harry Hamilton, after-

wards of Hamilton. The latter was followed by the Rev. D. Morrison, who was translated to Dunblane, and subsequently to the Tron Church, Edinburgh — a minister of decidedly larger build than his predecessors. One of the farmers in the parish said to Wull one day, "Wull, you have served under a good many ministers: which of them all did you like best?" Wull's curt reply was: "Morrison's claes (clothes) fitted me best!"

A' THINK LITTLE O' HIS CHOICE.

IN the kitchen of the manse of Hutton and Corrie, in Dumfriesshire, the precentor and the beadle met on a Sunday forenoon, at a time when there was a Parliamentary election going on—Mr Disraeli and Mr Gladstone being the chiefs of the respective political parties. The precentor was a keen Conservative, and the beadle was even more pronouncedly a Liberal. The one had gone to the manse for a list of the Psalms for the service in the church, and the other had gone for the Bible and minister's gown. The two were speedily plunged into

bitter political controversy. Among other arguments the beadle accused the precentor with supporting a Jew—"Wha, man, wad vote for an auld Jew?" and very much to the same effect. The precentor parried this form of attack, but the beadle returned to it again and again, making it, indeed, his chief line of argument. At length the precentor remonstrated by saying, "Ye shouldna speak o' the Jews in that irreverent, disrespectfu' way. Ye should remember the Jews were God's ancient chosen people." The beadle, nothing daunted, rejoined, "Wae! then, a' think deevilishly little o' His choice!"

AWFU' GLAD IT'S NO ME!

THE Rev. W. M'Dougall, minister of the United Presbyterian Church at Paisley forty years ago, used to tell that when he was standing in a churchyard, at a funeral, a young man approached him and said in a solemn tone, "Dae ye ken, Maister M'Dougall, what a' aye think when a'm standing near the side o' an open grave in this way?" The minister did

not venture on a conjecture, but he naturally supposed it would be something very pious and solemn. "Weel, a'm aye awfu' glad it's no me that's being buried!"

WHA'S THE CORPSE THE DAY?

IN a certain town on the East coast there is a shopkeeper who is most diligent in attending funerals, and who is said never to miss a chance of doing so. A funeral procession was passing slowly along the street one day, when, opening the door of one of the mourning coaches not fully occupied, he stepped in, and addressing one of the occupants whom he knew, he queried, "Wha's the corpse the day?"

THEY'LL NEVER DAE TOGETHER.

THE bitter sectarian feeling engendered by the keen ecclesiastical controversies in Scotland which culminated in the secession, or Disruption, of 1843, was slow in dying out. When a

boy, in 1852—nine years after the Disruption —I was spending a few days at the house of a farmer near Dumfries. A company had come to spend the evening, when in course of conversation some one said, "It was a great pity the members of the different sects or denominations did not cherish and manifest a more kindly feeling towards each other, seeing they all hoped to go to the same place at last." The farmer, a rather dry, plain-spoken man, said, "They'll never dae together, never!" "Oh yes," said the previous speaker, in a very solemn tone of voice, "no doubt they'll all be in the same place at last." The farmer rejoined, "It may be sae, but they'll need a very strong stane dyke or a five bar flake between them." His language was no doubt due to his seeing in his mind's eye wild animals in the same field goring each other.

GIE UP RELIGION AND JOIN THE AULD KIRK.

DURING the unfortunate squabbles, in some parts of the Highlands, which followed the

union of the Free and United Presbyterian Churches into the United Free Church, two members of the United body in the Highlands were discussing, with much lamentation, what they thought to be the unseemly character of the proceedings. At length one of the two thus wound up the discussion, evidently with the concurrence of the other: "Dae ye no think, Tonald, that if this kind o' thing is tae gang on muckle langer we'll hae tae gie up religion a' together and join the Auld Kirk?"

AIBLINS YE HA'ENA A SOOKIN' WEAN.

A FARMER and his wife were members of a dissenting church which was situated between four and five miles from their farm. While a highly respectable, exemplary couple, they were also hard-working and industrious, the former at the work of the farm, the latter in attending to her young family. They were regular attenders at church, but owing to the distance they had to walk and their being kept so busy, they occasionally went to the parish church, which was close to the farm. Their minister,

who had decidedly narrow-minded, sectarian views and sympathies in church matters, when visiting them, found fault with them for their irregularity in attendance at his church. The husband explained the position of matters, and stated that when absent from his church they were at the parish church. This by no means satisfied the minister, who said, "Were I in your circumstances I would always attend my own church. On no account would I cross the door of the parish church, however far I had to walk, and in whatever way I was engaged." The farmer's wife, who had meekly and silently been sitting by with a young infant in her arms, artlessly joined at this stage in the conversation, saying, "Aiblins, sir, ye ha'ena a sookin' wean!"

DAFT ABOUT CURLING.

THERE is probably no game in the world about which people get so keen and enthusiastic as curling. It is literally a slippery game, and it affords often a striking illustration of the truth of the proverbial saying that, "There is many a

slip between the cup and the lip." During the progress of a game the fortunes of the combatants not infrequently ebb and flow, so that the rink which is "leading" in the earlier part of a game, not uncommonly has the tables turned on it and is defeated at the close. In this, above all spheres, it is prudent to act on the principle of, "Don't count your chickens until they are hatched." The ardent curler, at the stage when, say, an important match has been fixed for the following day, and when the weather at night-fall seems doubtful, goes to the door frequently during the evening and anxiously scans the sky and the meteorological conditions generally. One of the keenest curlers I ever knew—an Ayrshire lawyer—even when becoming an old man, used to try the patience of his wife by hanging a wet towel out of the window, and throwing up the window every time he was awake to ascertain by feeling it whether it was freezing or thawing. The enthusiastic curler enters into the spirit of the game every day the more keenly from not being sure, in this variable climate, whether it may not prove the last game of the season.

QUEER MAN TO MAK' A MINISTER O'.

WHEN I was an assistant minister at Dalry, in Ayrshire, forty years ago, I had three winters' curling among first-rate curlers—men, who by the "in-twist" and "out-twist" could make curling-stones go round corners and accomplish marvellous things. I took part in a famous match of sixteen rinks a side between Dalry and Kilwinning. I "led" invariably during the three seasons—and frosty ones they were—and any skill I acquired in the game was largely due to serving so long an apprenticeship in that subordinate position. In the above important match, for sixteen boles of meal, the skip against us was a working sawyer—a man who worked in the old-fashioned sawpit, with one man above and one below, under a system where physical strength was a very important factor. He had a pair of "dour" curling-stones which, the ice becoming "drug," he could not play up. During a lull in the game I asked him if he would allow me to try to play his stones. He replied, "Most certainly," with an air which implied that while I was welcome to try them,

I, like himself, would signally fail to send them the full length of the rink. Being naturally strong, and having the art of delivering them advantageously, I not only sent them the full distance of the rink, but they had still much unspent strength when passing over the tee. Having realised the situation, he took me in with a hasty glance from head to foot, and said emphatically, "Ye're a queer man to mak' a minister o'!" I have told elsewhere of one man who thought my proper sphere was, "in Norway, as a bottle-washer under the Gothenburg system." This man evidently was of the opinion that my true and proper place was in a sawpit!

THE BROSE RINK—JOCK CRAIG.

THE Dalry rink of which I was a humble member was always open to play any regular standing rink belonging to the parish, or anywhere else, for a bag of oatmeal for the poor. Our success was, of course, varying. One winter we carried nearly everything before

us—so much so, that at the annual supper of the Club we were specially toasted as "the Meal Rink," which, however, when the toast came to be drunk, was by most of those present dubbed "The Brose Rink," and by others, "The Parritch Rink," so that we were subjected to a good deal of good-natured chaff. There was a famous skip in Dalry, "Jock Craig," a working quarryman who, unfortunately, had a weakness for taking a drop too much at night, notwithstanding the oft-repeated remonstrances of myself and others, but who, it was noted, could always play straight next day, whatever his condition had been the previous night. The only "tocher" Jock's wife had brought to her husband was a pair of good, but old-fashioned, curling-stones which belonged to her deceased father. Not without cause she used to upbraid Jock when he took too much, and occasionally threatened to leave him. When so found fault with he got on his high horse, and told her to take the road, and take her father's curling-stones with her. Jock had no patience with a cold-blooded curler who did not enter into the game with enthusiasm. "There's Jamie

Brown, the contractor," he would say; "he curls aye as if he were attending a funeral a' the time."

MINISTER TO VISIT—WEATHER PERMITTING.

DEAN RAMSAY tells of a country carrier who intimated publicly that "he would be in Aberdeen on Monday, God willing, and weather permitting, and that he would be there on Tuesday whether or no." This reminds me of a minister of Beith, in Ayrshire, nearly a century ago, who used during the winter months to intimate from the pulpit that he would visit in certain specified parts of the parish on particular days, always adding with emphasis, "weather permitting." This was universally understood in the congregation as equivalent to saying, "if there was no curling," for, being a keen curler, he never visited in such weather. No doubt, if challenged, he would have justified his conduct by alleging that he would not have found his parishioners at home.

WAITING TILL THE THOW COMES.

A NEW pond was made in the parish of Dalton, and was opened by all the curlers in the parish turning out to hansel it. It was a memorable day. The President of the Club—the late Mr Arthur Lyon of Whitecroft, with whom I have played many enjoyable hard-fought games for meal for the poor—entertained all comers with characteristic hospitality on the ice. Among others present was James Bell, who had been an ardent curler in his day, but who had given up playing on the score of age. He was a welcome onlooker, and hospitality was pressed on him.

"He wasna fou, he was nae that fou,
But just a drappie in his e'e."

As night approached he left the village, to get home before dark. There had been a partial thaw with slight rain, followed by a keen frost, which gave every indication of lasting for weeks. The roads were as slippery as they well could be, being literally covered with ice. James had proceeded only some thirty or forty yards from the end of the village, when he found it would

be dangerous to attempt to go further. Had the roads been in their normal state he probably might have got home fairly well; but as things were, thinking discretion the better part of valour, he gave in, and sat down on the bank by the side of the road, with his elbows on his knees and his head bended downwards. Mrs Swan, a worthy old woman who lived in the nearest cottage, noticed him, and at length became alarmed, seeing him continuing to sit there in such a cold frosty night. Dressed in her characteristic garb of white apron and white mutch she approached him, and drawing herself up in front of him asked, "Wae! Mr Bell, what are ye daeing sitting here sae lang?" "Wae! Mrs Swan," says James, lifting his head and looking up with great simplicity, "a'm waitin' till the thow (thaw) comes." The scene would have been a splendid one for a snapshot.

THE ONLY CHRISTIAN IN THE RINK.

THE county of Dumfries' great match for the Waterloo Cup was to be played. It had been arranged that a visitor at Mouswald Manse

was to play in the rink of Mr William Paterson, Rockhall, as a substitute of a member of his usual team, who could not attend. At breakfast on the day of the match the visitor said to me, "I wish you to give me a flask—of course duly filled." I said, "Your skip always takes with him an abundant supply of refreshments, solid and liquid, and it is superfluous to take a private 'pocket pistol.'" His reply was, "I trust no man in such matters," and so I gave him the largest flask in the house, which he took care to get filled to its full capacity. Mr Paterson drew as his opponent, Mr Edward J. Brook, M.F.H., of Hoddom Castle, who also is particular in having abundant supplies for the members of his team, and also to "treat" his opponents. But although "the supplies" lay at the end of the rink, the two skips became so absorbed in an excellently-played and well-contested game, that they neglected altogether to offer any creature-comforts to their players. In these circumstances my visitor fell back on his private supply, and each time before he helped himself he refreshed his opponent, who played, like himself, second in the rink. At the third time of helping, the latter, before partaking,

said with due appreciation of the situation, "Here's tae ye, man! Ye're the only Christian in the two rinks!" The inference was drawn that a man in Hoddom may have a bottle, but if he does not produce it and divide its contents, he is reckoned, in the parish where Thomas Carlyle was born, to be outside the pale of Christianity.

CURLING SCENE.

INTERNATIONAL MATCH, LOCHMABEN.

(*As sketched by an Umpire.*)

English and Scotch forms of expression.

English Skip to his Vice-Skip: "Now, Mr Brown, this stone covers the tee; change places with it if you can, but oh! do be careful, and use your own judgment how strong to play. (*Mr Brown plays his stone.*) Nicely delivered, Mr Brown! nicely set down, sir! Now, men! use your besoms freely and

bring her home. Well played, Mr Brown! well played indeed!—that's the way to curl; just come up and take a look at it."

Scotch Skip (a young laird from a Castle) *to his Vice-Skip:* "Noo, Chairlie, ma callan', they've landed the shot and it haps the patlid: tak' yer wull o't, ma mannie: fair aboard and min' the how ice! (*Charlie plays.*) Weel soled, ma mannie! weel soled! Now row her in, boys, row her in!—you for a player, Chairlie! Man! ye'd ding doon the Castle if a' asked ye! Come awa' up here and a'll gie ye a dram!"

THREE A BAD DIVIDE AMONG FOUR.

FOUR rinks of country members of the Southern (Gentlemen's) Club, Dumfries, played, many years ago, a match against four town rinks I had the good fortune to skip one of the best teams I ever played in, as it was, without doubt, the heaviest, for our average weight was 16 stones. Our opponents got three shots

against our twenty-one, and although the other three town rinks defeated their respective opponents, we had won so many shots that the country party won the match, and were entertained most sumptuously to dinner in the Club in the evening. One of the members of our opposing rink was so mortified that *à propos* of nothing in particular, he made an apologetic speech, and wound up by quoting the saying of a celebrated Dumfries player of a former generation, who, finding himself in precisely similar circumstances, declared, "Do ye ken, boys, three shots make a very bad divide among four players." They had not one shot each.

A PARISH MATCH—ONLY ONE CURLER.

THE farm of Longdyke is partly in the parish of Mouswald and partly in the parish of Dalton. There was formerly a curling-pond on the farm, formed in a narrow valley by an embankment made across the course of a small burn. The laird, Mr Carruthers, nearly a century ago, was such an uncommonly keen curler,

that if nobody turned out any day to play, he got up a parish match, with himself as the sole player on both sides. The class of curling-stones then universally used enabled him to have the means of doing so readily available. The stones had only one polished side, with fixed iron handles, and they were left each night at the edge of the pond. He selected a sufficient number of stones, and, marking them for identification, assigned one half of them to Mouswald and the other half to Dalton. His enthusiasm was so unbounded that, though he had no one to give directions or to sweep, he would finish the match. When he played an uncommonly successful shot he would cry out, though there was no audience to listen, "Well done, Mouswald!" "Well done, Dalton!" as the case might be. Such enthusiasm is not found nowadays.

THEY'RE A' DUKES.

THE late Duke of Buccleuch—one of the best of men—returned to Drumlanrig after a con-

siderable absence. Shortly after his return he was sauntering along the banks of the Nith, when he met an elderly man who had long been employed on the estate. The Duke shook him cordially by the hand, and with characteristic kindness inquired after his health and welfare generally. "A'm very weel, thank your Grace for speirin'. A'm rael pleased tae see your Grace back again: they're a' Dukes when you're awa'!"

A GRAND HAN' AT KILLING SWINE.

To appreciate the following—which the late Mr John Johnstone of Halleaths, Master of the Dumfriesshire Fox-Hounds, used to tell against himself—it is necessary to explain that the feeding of pigs was an industry extensively followed in that county. At every farm of any considerable area there were invariably at least a couple of pig-killing functions during the winter, when the experts at the business turned out to take part at the different stages of the operations, these being notable days.

A Grand Han' at Killing Swine

Mr Johnstone (who, by the way, won the Derby with "Pretender"), when in business in the East, was a mighty Nimrod, being Master of the Calcutta Hounds, and justly held the reputation of being a great *shikari*. The accounts of his many feats of skill and hair-breadth escapes when engaged in his favourite pastime of "pig-sticking" were copied from the Indian into the Dumfriesshire papers, to such an extent that his deeds of daring and skill were much talked about by all classes in the county. When he returned to reside permanently in the Border County, he met the wife of one of the tenants on his estate, with whom he exchanged the most kindly greetings. After having shaken him warmly by the hand the gudewife exclaimed, "Oh, Laird, we're a' awfu' glad to see ye hame again! And John and me, nae langer gane than yestreen, were speaking aboot it, and sayin' hoo rael weel pleased we're that ye're no gaun awa' again, but gaun to leeve amang us! And a' juist said to him, 'Man, John, the laird'll be the maist usefu' man in a' this pairt o' the country!'" and she added, looking up admiringly in Mr Johnstone's face, "for a'm tell't, Laird, ye're a grand han' at killing swine."

THE OLD-FASHIONED LAIRD: THE LATE MR WM. SHARPE OF HODDOM.

THE late Mr Wm Sharpe of Hoddom Castle was the last specimen of the old class of country gentlemen whom it was my privilege to know. More particularly his relationship with his servants had an element in it of familiarity, which was not uncommon upwards of a century ago, but of which there is little or no trace now. With all the familiarity there was an undercurrent of respect, and indeed of devotion so intense, that I verily believe some of them would have died for him. "Wull Carfrae," his butler, and "Robert Menzies," his coachman, specially occupied this relationship towards him. I have gone downstairs to the servants' hall at Knockhill after dinner with Mr Sharpe. He presided at the head of the table, and toddy was served out of jugs among the servants, who were seated round the large room. An impromptu concert was provided, ostensibly for another guest and myself. Altogether, an enjoyable evening was spent, which did much to bind the different classes of Society together.

A NOBLE LORD HOODWINKED AS TO WINE.

MR SHARPE was an ardent sportsman, both on the turf and at the leash. He won many important races with celebrated horses, and he carried off the Waterloo Cup with "Hughie Graham." He was for many years an active and influential member of the Caledonian Hunt, of which the above "Wull Carfrae" was butler for a great length of time. At a dinner of the Hunt in Edinburgh, when Mr Sharpe was in the chair, a nobleman complained of the quality of the port wine, whereupon the chairman called his and the Club's butler, to whom he whispered his instructions. "Wull" hurried from the room, and accompanied by the landlord, took another bottle from the same bin, and having besmeared it well with cobwebs and dust, reappeared and put it with a confident air on the table.

Mr Sharpe: "I think, my Lord, this bottle of forty-sevens will suit your palate."

His Lordship: "Excellent wine, Sharpe! most excellent! I always flattered myself I

knew a good bottle of wine when it was put before me."

"Wull," in the background, looking as solemn as a judge, on Mr Sharpe looking round at him, winked an eye at his master.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

THE wife of a Scottish baronet of a past generation was not in the habit of mincing her words. When in London, her ladyship on one occasion arrived late at her hotel and left early, and on her bill being presented to her she rather astonished the Cockney waiter by exclaiming: "Twal' and saxpence for a bed and a breakfast, and neither ham, jam, jelly, nor a dram!"

A SUCCESSFUL DIPLOMATIST.

ABOUT one hundred years ago the relationship between Colonel Carruthers of Denbie—the representative of an old Dumfriesshire family—and his wife were not unfrequently strained, through an unfortunate incompatibility of

temper. An ordinary quarrel resulted in husband and wife living in separate ends of the mansion-house, which was about the dimensions of a good-sized manse nowadays. When so located they communicated with each other occasionally by letter. But sometimes the quarrel became specially bitter, with the result that Mrs Carruthers left Denbie and went to the house of her family at Wyseby, on Kirtle Water, about ten or twelve miles distant. My grandfather was then the tenant of the principal farm on the Denbie estate. Colonel Carruthers came to him, saying, in effect, "Mr Gillespie, Mrs Carruthers has gone away to Wyseby: would you be so good as go there and try and induce her to come back before the report of it gets into the country and causes talk, and even scandal?" My grandfather took one of his farm-carts—the only kind of conveyance then available except among the gentry—and proceeded on his mission. He no sooner appeared than Mrs Carruthers said, "Mr Gillespie, I know who sent you here—it was Denbie; you can go back and tell him I'll never darken his door again." "You are quite right, Mrs Carruthers—it was Denbie

who asked me to come here. He charged me to deliver two messages to you, and to be most particular in seeing that you understand both of them. The first is, that you are to do nothing except what is perfectly agreeable to yourself. Denbie is specially desirous that you should follow your own feelings and inclinations." "I'll take very good care of that; you need not say anything more on that head: what is the other message?" "I was to be even more careful in seeing that you understand clearly the further message, and it is this: that while you are to do nothing except what is entirely agreeable to yourself, I am to intimate that if you are not at Denbie to-night by six o'clock he'll have another in your place." She thereupon got into a state of great excitement, exclaiming, "Another in my place!—there will never be another in my place so long as I am living! Get the conveyance ready at once," and she made my grandfather nearly kill the horse to get to Denbie before six o'clock.

I have always had a profound regard for my grandfather since I heard my father narrate the foregoing—so long ago, that when thinking of it I begin to feel old. Of course

my grandfather invented the message. I have often thought he would have made his mark if he had entered the Diplomatic Service!

A' HAVENA SEEN LORD GLASGOW.

THE Earl of Glasgow has told me of an amusing experience he had when Governor of New Zealand. There was an Ayrshire bull in the colony which had an unvanquished career in the show-ring, and out of compliment to the Governor its owner called it "Lord Glasgow." His lordship was walking along a narrow lane near the entrance to a show-yard, behind two or three colonists who were carrying on a brisk conversation, and whose tongues gave unmistakable evidence that they were natives of the old country. One of them said, "A' havena seen Lord Glasgow the day." His lordship good-naturedly sought to oblige his countryman by saying, "If you look round you will see him." The Scotchman looked round, and added, "It's no you a' mean—it's the bull."

MANAGING ANOTHER MAN'S ILL-WIFE.

THE Water of Ae in its course through the parish of Kirkmichael in Dumfriesshire has a very rapid fall, and when in high flood it is very difficult to keep it within its banks. It not infrequently changes its course and does much damage to the adjoining land. Shortly after it had broken its banks there was a meeting of the Parochial Board, at which there was present, among others, the late Mr Seton Wightman of Courance, whose residence was at the other end of the parish. After the meeting was over, the recent flood was being discussed, when Mr Wightman remarked he was astonished that those through whose property the stream runs could not keep it within bounds. Mr Roddick, the old miller, drily remarked, "Mr Wightman, the Ae Water is like the man's ill-wife: everybody thinks he could manage her except the man that has her!"

MR JAMES MERRY AS PARLIAMENTARY CANDIDATE.

MR JAMES MERRY—best known as a great iron-master and horse-racer—stood as a candidate for Parliament for the city of Glasgow at a bye-election in the spring of 1857, his opponent being Mr Walter Buchanan, a representative Glasgow merchant. I went to his meetings as they were very amusing. He had paid little attention to public questions, and was not credited with entertaining pronounced views on political questions of the day. On the forenoon of the day on which it was announced that he was to stand as a candidate, a Professor in the University met an intimate personal friend of Mr Merry's and asked what were his views on the prominent political questions then before the country. In reply, the gentleman said, "I am not quite sure, but I believe his political principles are to be settled at a meeting of his Committee at two o'clock to-day." At his first meeting which I attended he promised to support every measure in regard to which he was heckled.

At length, after many similar affirmative replies had been given, a gentleman rose and suggested that it would save the time of the meeting very much if Mr Merry would kindly tell them what he was *not* prepared to support.

WOULD ABOLISH THE DECALOGUE.

IT has often been said that to the question, "Mr Merry, would you support a measure, if brought forward in Parliament, to abolish the Decalogue?" he replied "Most certainly," and then turned to his agent, Mr Burns, writer, and asked what that was. I believe the story to be apocryphal; at all events I attended most of his meetings (including the nomination at the hustings, where he had by two to one the show of hands in his favour), and I heard nothing of the kind.

The first pictorial cartoon I ever saw was in connection with this election. One morning the boardings were placarded with posters in large figures representing a flat horse-race. The winning-post was indicated as St Stephen's and Mr Buchanan was sailing in an easy winner by several lengths. Next morning a reply

cartoon was out—this time it was a steeple-chase—and Mr Buchanan and his horse were represented as coming seriously to grief, with Mr Merry in the act of leaping over both and clearing them easily. Mr Merry was defeated, but he stood at the subsequent general election for the Airdrie Burghs and was successful, defeating, if I mistake not, one of the Baird family. A grimy coal-miner, who had come direct from the pit to his meeting, asked Mr Merry if he would take the duty off sugar? Mr Merry replied, shaking his hand in his face, "No, sir, I'll no' tak' the duty off sugar, but, by George! sir, I'll gladly tak' it off soap!"

BADGER VERSUS *IRISH TERRIER.*

IN my college days it used to be told that on one occasion when Mr Merry was dining with the officers at the old Barracks in the Gallowgate, Glasgow, a match was taken on that he would fight a badger he had against an Irish terrier of theirs for £50 a side, the contest to come off in three weeks. In

the interval the terrier took mange, and naturally the young officers were in a bad way, looking upon their money as virtually lost. They were dining with Mr Merry when, following up an agreed-on scheme, one of them explained that they had got into a bad scrape with their commanding officer, who had heard in some way of the match—he threatened to cashier them, stop their promotion, and so on, unless the thing was broken off. Mr Merry replied that he would be very sorry they should suffer in any way professionally on his account, but had they any proposal to make? Oh yes, they said, they were prepared to pay one-half forfeit if the match was declared off. "Have you the twenty-five pounds?" was Mr Merry's business-like question. Yes, they had it there, as they had provided themselves with it in the hope that he would agree to this compromise. "Give me the cash!" which was done, and the affair was declared to be ended. As the evening wore on the officers began to nudge each other and crack jokes privately, Mr Merry protesting against being left out in the cold and not told wherein the fun lay. By and by they

made a clean breast of it, telling him how cleverly they had got the better of him. He took it quite calmly, saying it was all right. In turn their curiosity was aroused, and they kept asking him how it could be all right. He kept them in suspense for a time and then announced, "Of course it's all right—my badger's dead!" The tables were turned. They saw they had got the worst of it, when they realised that they were £75 poorer than they might have been.

TREATING AT ELECTIONS.

THE late Dr Byrne of Elshieshiels stood as a candidate for the Dumfries District of Burghs. There being two other candidates in the field who were the unanimous choice of the respective party organisations, his chances from the outset as an independent Conservative candidate were very poor, and they eventually proved to be so, for he polled only fifty-four votes. When he addressed the electors at Sanquhar, which prides itself as

being the most Radical burgh in Scotland, he said that he was about to go to the Commercial Hotel to wait for the evening train, and he would be greatly obliged to the influential gentlemen in the meeting if they would wait upon him there and help him to form a committee with the view of securing his return. About a dozen of the Sanquhar worthies complied with his request. They had no idea of helping his candidature, but knowing that he was a lively, entertaining man, they hoped to get some fun. When the company, after being received individually by Dr Byrne, were arranged round the room he turned to them and said: "Now, Gentlemen, you are aware that this Election Corruption Practices Act prevents us from treating you, but it does not prevent you from treating me!" They took the hint, and he had a good drink at their expense. This may be useful to Parliamentary and other candidates who may wish to get a cheap, or rather a free refreshment.

NOSES BOCHT IT!

JAMES GILLESPIE, who founded the schools in Edinburgh which bear his name, and are now under the management of the Merchant Company, was a snuff merchant in the city. He started in a small way of business but eventually amassed a large fortune from the sale of the article in which he dealt. By and by he set up his carriage, and it is said that a member of the Scottish Bench facetiously remarked that it would have been appropriate to print under his crest on the carriage:

> "Wha wad hae thocht it,
> That noses wad hae bocht it?"

"KIPPLETRINGAN'S" TURNED A GOOSE!

MY good friend Major Clark of Kippletringan was admittedly a high authority in regard to many kinds of live stock. He paid great attention to the breeding of draught-horses, kept a high-class herd of fashionable beef cattle, and his sheep and pigs were also possessed of much merit. He likewise turned his attention

to poultry, and was a prominent and successful exhibitor in that department at the principal shows. Having learned incidentally that his friend, Mrs Wilson of Glenburnie, was desirous of having a change of blood in her poultry-yard by means of a new gander, Major Clark wrote to her, saying he had a superior strain of that class of poultry, and that he would be very pleased if she would accept the present of a male bird from him. Mrs Wilson intimated her acceptance with a profusion of thanks. Major Clark, who had strong faith in his own judgment, personally selected the bird without any one's assistance, and sent him to Glenburnie with his compliments. The gander was duly installed, and it was arranged to call him "Kippletringan." He was greatly admired and talked about. When visitors came they were taken round to see "Kippletringan," and even afternoon callers who had poultry tastes were marched out to get a sight of him. "Kippletringan" became "cock of the walk," and a "household word" in the place. All went well until the following spring. When the Wilsons were in London for the season, Mrs Wilson received a letter in the following terms from

the maid, a Highlander, who took charge of the poultry:—

"GLENBURNIE, 15*th April* 18—

"MRS WILSON, MADAM,—Kippletringan has turned a goose, and he is laying eggs.—Your obedient servant, SARAH MACPHERSON."

DROP AN EGG AND CACKLE.

A DISTINGUISHED American statesman was one of a large party sojourning at a country house on this side of the Atlantic. On coming down to breakfast, the party were helping themselves to breakfast from the sideboard, on which there was a plentiful and miscellaneous supply of tempting viands. One of the ladies of the party insisted on helping herself, and would not permit any of the gentlemen to attend to her wants. Those who elected to have eggs were boiling them for themselves. She was of this number, and as she had never boiled an egg with such an appliance before, she appealed to the American gentleman, Mr C——, at each stage, what she should do next. She became so nervous over the operation, that in handling the egg she dropped it, and then

exclaimed in anxious tones, "Oh! Mr C——, Mr C——, I have dropped an egg! what shall I do next?" Mr C——, without moving a muscle, quietly replied, "M'—m, the proper thing to do when you drop an egg is to cackle."

LEAVING THE DUKE'S ARMS AT SIX O'CLOCK.

IT is related that the late Dowager Duchess of Athol, one of the best of women, and long the valued friend of the late Queen Victoria, told Her Majesty of the feelings with which she viewed one day a large poster in Dunkeld. There is a hotel in Dunkeld called the "Duke's Arms," and, at the time referred to, a coach called "The Duchess of Athol" ran daily from Dunkeld to Blairgowrie. The placard was in the following terms:—"The Duchess of Athol will leave the Duke's Arms every lawful morning at six o'clock."

HIS RIBS RIN NORTH AND SOOTH.

IN a midland county of Scotland, upwards of half a century ago, I knew by sight a profes-

sional gentleman who had a very shapely figure, and was altogether an exceptionally handsome man. It was alleged by some that his unusually fine figure was to be largely explained by his wearing an article of attire the use of which is commonly regarded as the exclusive prerogative of the fair sex—in plain language, corsets. It is said that in driving in a dog-cart on a dark night he met with an accident, being thrown out of the conveyance and left lying insensible on the road. Two farm-servants, passing along, saw a black object on the road, and approached it with great caution. By degrees they put out their hands and began to handle it. Groping first at the legs, they concluded that the object was a man. But their difficulties only began when, moving their hands along, they came to the body, which they handled with care and minuteness. At length one of them said to the other: "Gudesake, Jock! a' dinna ken what kind o' a fallow this is ava'. Ma' ribs rin richt east and wast, but this fallow's ribs rin richt north and sooth!" (south).

DAE YE TAK' ME FOR A TROOT.

A FEW summers ago a faithful old shepherd in the employment of Mr David J. Bell-Irving, Master of the Dumfriesshire Otter-Hounds, brought down a drove of cattle from one of his upland farms to Knockhill, near Ecclefechan. The beasts becoming leg-wearied and foot-sore he arrived late, and was reluctantly persuaded to stay the night. The following scene occurred at 10 P.M :—

Pert Maid: "Now, Thomas, my man, good-night. Would you prefer a hot bath or a cold bath to-morrow morning?"

Thomas: "Hoots, lassie, gang awa' wi' yer nonsense; dae ye tak' me for a troot?"

The Rev. Dr Milne of Fyvie was telling an old parishioner that he was starting for the coast to bathe in the sea every day, when the old man artlessly replied: "Weel, Doctor, a'm glad to say a' dinna need it."

GOT APPOINTMENT IN WAR OFFICE.

AN eminent titled London surgeon, when in South Africa at the time of the war, was called

in in the case of a young officer who had been hit on the temple by a bullet, which had carried away some of his brains. He found it necessary to remove some more of the brains and some bone, which he put among spirits in a glass bottle and brought home to this country. Some time thereafter when going along Piccadilly he met a gentleman whom he was sure was the injured officer. Accosting him he asked, "Are you Captain So-and-So?" "Yes, sir, I am." "Well, sir, I am Sir A. B." Whereupon the officer expressed himself as most grateful to Sir A. B. for what he had done for him. The Surgeon then told the story about the brains and the bone, saying he had the bottle in his surgery, and would be glad, on a day he named, to hand it over to the officer, whom he said he regarded as its rightful owner. Captain So-and-So again expressed his warm appreciation of the considerate kindness of Sir A. B. and added: "But, sir! I don't require the brains now; I have got an appointment in the War Office."

MAKE SURE OF HER!

A YOUTH went out as a junior officer in a yeomanry regiment to South Africa during the war. He was the nearest heir to a rich maiden aunt, from whom he had considerable expectations if nothing should come in the way. She died in his absence, and her solicitor cabled him announcing her decease, saying she had left him her sole heir, and asking instructions as to the funeral. He replied: "Bury her in the usual way, cremate her, embalm her, or use your discretion what to do, but," he added, "do make sure of her!"

LIARS IN FAMILIES MADE LAWYERS.

ONE of the leaders of the Scottish Bar—who, as I write, fills one of the highest offices of the Crown most worthily—was spending his vacation near Mouswald Manse at a time when an American young lady of some twenty summers was visiting us. The lawyer had taken her into dinner, and was teasing her in a lively, good-natured manner about American people and institutions. It may be guessed

she was holding her own, as American girls are well able to do. Addressing her he asked: "Miss Shirley, have you any lawyers in America?" She, knowing what profession he belonged to, replied quick as thought: "Oh yes! Mr S—— D——, lots of lawyers: I've a brother a lawyer. Whenever we've a member of a family who is a bigger liar than another, we make him a lawyer!" The learned tease had to smile and try again.

THE SURE WAY TO BE THOUGHT A LIAR.

WHEN minister of the High Church, Paisley, the Rev. Dr James Macgregor (now of St Cuthbert's, Edinburgh) met in a place of amusement in London a gentleman from that town, who, holding up his hands, said, "Mr Macgregor, what would your friends in Paisley say if they were told that you had been seen in such a place of amusement as this?" Taking him by the arm the ever-ready divine rejoined: "My friend, if you wish to be thought the greatest liar in Paisley, go back there and tell that you met me in this place."

A PUIR BIT LADDIE.

WHEN a lad of sixteen, in Edinburgh, Mr John Bell-Irving of Mount Annan beat all previous records by winning the School Mile race in four minutes, forty-three seconds. Not content to rest upon his laurels, he determined a few days afterwards to walk home for his Easter holidays. This long dreary tramp of eighty-one miles he accomplished in the remarkably short time of twenty-one hours. When passing through Lockerbie, only a few miles from home, with an admiring crowd in attendance, a sympathetic old dame was heard to exclaim, "Puir bit laddie! his faither maun be awfu' short o' siller!"

THE ADVICE NOT TAKEN AT HOME.

THE wife of an eminent member of the Scottish Bar, who has a very extensive practice both in the Courts and as a Consulting Counsel, proposed to execute certain works near the mansion-house of her property, with the view of increasing the amenity of an already

beautiful place. Her husband had volunteered the opinion that the change proposed would not be an improvement, but the lady followed her own better judgment and had the works carried out. One evening at dinner the matter was being discussed in the presence of some guests when the learned husband remarked: "It's a strange thing that so many people all over the country consult me and pay me good fees for my opinion and advice, which they almost invariably follow, and yet my own wife will not take my opinion, though she can get it for nothing."

A DUEL AVERTED BY HUMOUR.

A SCOTCHMAN and an Englishman, in the old days, had a violent quarrel. The latter declared that the former had so grossly insulted him that he demanded satisfaction by challenging him to fight a duel. The circumstances were such that the Scotchman had no alternative—consistently with his honour, according to the acknowledged maxims of the period—but to accept the challenge, so he handed his card

to the Englishman. The latter, who had put the card in his pocket without looking at it or examining it, on his arrival home found written on it in pencil—"Never do anything in a hurry except when you're catching fleas." The ludicrous character of the adage helped to cool the blood of the Southerner, and resulted in communications which led to the duel being declared off.

GET YOUR TEETH PUT RIGHT.

A FRIEND of mine, Mr Robertson, used to narrate, when in an excited frame of mind, some wonderful fishing experiences of his. One of them was told by him in some such way as this: "I had liberty to fish in the preserved waters on the Dee belonging to the late Earl of Selkirk. All the keepers on the estate knew me and were well aware of my privilege. One day, intending to wade, I dressed myself in a suit of old clothes and was in a fine reach of the river, getting excellent sport, when a new under-keeper who did not know me came along the river, and addressing me in

disrespectful tones, demanded, 'By whae's authority are ye fishing there?' Turning round, I replied, 'By the authority of my friend, Lord Selkirk.' 'Aye,' he rejoined, 'a'm thinking sae; your friend, Lord Selkirk?—come oot here, ye poacher!' I paid no heed to him for a time, but as he continued to order me out in similar language, I could stand it no longer and came out. When I was a student I had taken lessons in the noble art, so when I got to the place where he was standing I laid down my rod, and placing myself in front of him I squared up and said: 'Now, sir! stand on your guard.' I gave him a few rounds, during which I not only punished him severely but knocked him down a few times without allowing him so much as once to hit me. So when I thought he had had enough I put my hand in my vest-pocket, and, taking out a sovereign, handed it to him, saying, 'There is a sovereign; go to a dentist and get your teeth put right.'" Fishing stories are proverbially credited with a tendency to be rather "tall"!

WHICH OF THE TWINS TO BE KEPT?

NEARLY half a century ago the wife of a Master of a pack of Harriers in a Western county presented her husband with twins. The older boys of the family had been allowed to be frequently about the kennels, and were familiar with, indeed had taken part in, the drowning of the superfluous puppies. One afternoon in the drawing-room one of the boys came up to his father and artlessly asked, in the hearing of several visitors who had made reference to the new arrivals, "Papa, which of the twins are you going to keep?" He was no doubt contemplating a drowning expedition, and was quite ready to take part in it!

WIN THE CUP, NO HAME AVA'.

JOHN JOHNSTONE, blacksmith, Cummertrees village, Dumfriesshire, had his peculiarities, one of which was an ardent love of coursing. He had a greyhound called "Brewer," which he entered in a stake at a coursing meeting at

some distance. When leaving home very early with Brewer, which he had trained carefully, his wife said to him, "When will ye be hame, John?" Looking back with his hand on the door, John replied, "Weel, Mary, doon the first coorse, a'll be hame the nicht; doon the second coorse, a'll be hame the morn's nicht; gin a' won the cup, a'll no be hame ava'!" John knew in the latter eventuality the celebrations of the victory would be lengthened and deep.

ISAAC FLETCHER, AN ECCLEFECHAN WORTHY.

ISAAC FLETCHER, Ecclefechan, was a well-known character upwards of half a century ago. He was a born poacher, but, to his credit be it said, he confined his attentions to taking salmon, but he did that at all times of the year. He recognised no "close time," and plied his art in season and out of it, "preserved waters" having a special attraction, and even fascination, for him. As might be expected, he spent a considerable proportion of the year in jail. His descriptions of some of his experiences were unique and as full of exaggerations as fishing stories are some-

times alleged to be. "As lang as a plank, and as braid as a sow," was his description of a fish which broke his line at the foot of the Milk Water after a battle-royal of several hours. He had a supreme contempt for modern lures of the class of "Silver Doctors" and "Jock Scotts," his favourite fly being the good old-fashioned, white-topped turkey; the butt of his fishing-rod was a young rowan tree, while the top was a hard wand; his reel was neither more nor less than an enlarged pirn, and his line consisted of strong horse-hair purloined from a young horse's tail. He had a stinging tongue when he thought fit to use it. General Sharpe of Hoddom Castle, coming on him on one occasion fishing in Hoddom preserved waters with the unlawful but most destructive "otter," emptied his gun into the otter, whereupon Isaac, from the other side of the river, called out: "Mon, General, gin ye had on ma' auld claes ye'd mak' a gran' craw-bogle!"

JACOB NOT TO BE TRUSTED.

A LADY once told me of the pronounced views on some Scripture characters entertained by her daughter when she was from nine to ten years of age. The girl, who had been brought up in a very horsey atmosphere, said to her mother one day, "Mother dear, I don't fancy Jacob at all." "Indeed, my darling? what fault have you to find with Jacob?" "Well, you know, mother, he was not the kind of man one would care to buy a horse from." There is probably some ground for this precocious criticism.

THE FIRST RAILWAY—SOMEBODY'S PIG KILLED.

I AM old enough to recollect the state of matters in the South of Scotland before railways were opened, and when people were dependent on the coaches, and "posting" by getting fresh horses every twelve or fifteen miles. I was a spectator when the first train of the southern portion of the Caledonian Railway was run from Carlisle to Beattock—that being as far

as the line had been finished at the time—that was in 1847. It was driven by my much-respected friend and relative, the late George Graham, who was then assistant to Mr Locke, the engineer who surveyed and superintended the construction of the line. Mr Graham was for upwards of forty years chief engineer on the railway. Crowds of people flocked to the side of it to see the first train pass. I recollect when the whistle from the engine sounded, nearly a mile before it reached us, a woman beside me remarked, "There's somebody's gude swine pig killed by the train!" Some time afterwards the late Queen Victoria passed in a special train, and the whole population went to the side of the railway, thinking they would get a good view of her; of course they found out their mistake.

STANDING CARRIAGES—THE CONGREGATION OF THE UPRIGHT.

WHEN the question of railway communication between England and Scotland was being agitated, there was a keen controversy whether

the line *via* Carlisle should be made along the dales of the Annan or the Nith, it never being imagined for a moment that there could be two main trunk lines through the county of Dumfries. As illustrative of the state of feeling at the time, it may be mentioned that Mr Hope-Johnstone of Annandale naturally espoused the side of that dale, and was the first chairman of the Caledonian Railway Company. Although he had long been the unopposed Member of Parliament for the county, and was universally held in the highest respect and was very popular, yet his effigy was burned in Dumfries by the ardent supporters of the Nithsdale route. The contrast between railway plant at the outset and nowadays is very marked. I recollect an excursion for Glasgow calling at Wamphray station, where it was joined by a number of farmers, the only carriages used being open cattle-trucks with planks put across them to sit on, and in this uncomfortable, unprotected way the passengers journeyed to and from the commercial metropolis of the West without complaint. Of course the use of the cattle-trucks was occasioned by the scarcity of

passenger-carriages. I have travelled from Glasgow to Greenock, fully half a century ago in carriages in which there being no seats, the passengers had to stand. It used to be related that some of his friends observed, in a standing carriage, the Rev. Dr Ritchie, of Potterrow U.P. Church, Edinburgh—who was alleged to be very economical in his expenditure—and on his being bantered on travelling in this way, rejoined, "Where would you expect to find me but among the congregation of the upright?"

TRAIN STOPPED TO GIVE CHANGE FOR £1.

FOR a length of time the speed was slow on all railways except the main trunk lines, and the management generally was more or less of a sleepy character. For example, on the line between Newton-Stewart and Whithorn there is said to have been a time when, if a landlord, large farmer, or other person of consequence appeared at any point along the line, and held up his hat, the train was stopped to pick him

up. On one occasion a large farmer appeared opposite his farm and displayed the usual signal, which was duly given heed to. Addressing the farmer by the name of his farm the engine-driver asked, "Are ye gaun w' us the day?" "No," rejoined the farmer, "I'm no gaun w' ye, but I cam' doon to see if onybody in the train could change me a pound-note, for this is the day I pay my work people!" The change was got, and the train thereafter steamed away as if nothing unusual had happened.

THE DEVIL COME TO G.N.S. RAILWAY.

THE railways in Aberdeenshire had long a proverbial reputation for the leisurely speed at which travelling by them was accomplished. A considerable number of years ago a new manager was appointed who wakened up the officials, letting the guards and drivers understand that if they could not keep time others must be got to do so. As might be expected this created a great ferment among the officials, dissatisfaction with the new *régime* being freely and generally expressed. One day a Director

of the Railway was in a waiting-room at a junction, with a view of catching a connection. He was unwittingly an eavesdropper, inasmuch as he could not avoid overhearing the conversation of a group of employees assembled outside the waiting-room, who discussed plainly and freely the new manager, putting him unsparingly "through the reek." By way of summarising and winding up the discussion a cocky young official said, "The truth of the matter is, the Great North of Scotland Railway is going to the devil," whereupon an old guard, tapping the youthful critic on the shoulder, said, "Na, na! my young man, it's no' that ava'; it's the devil that has come to the Great North of Scotland Railway!"

RATE OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING IN FIFE.

THE Kingdom of Fife had long a bad reputation for the slow pace at which trains within its borders travelled. A gentleman on his way from Aberdeen to China, in passing through Fife, got into conversation with a Fifer. On earning the destination of the traveller, the

native remarked that the journey was a very long one, when the latter rejoined: "Yes, it is a long distance, but I'm told that when I get through Fife I'm as good as half-way to my journey's end!"

WALK QUICKER THAN THE TRAIN.

ABOUT twenty years ago Mr. A. B. Matthews, a farmer from Kansas City, U.S.A., was travelling down Speyside from Boat of Garten by a mixed train of goods and passengers. To permit of some trucks being set down and others uplifted at various small stations on the route, the progress was so very slow that the traveller, who was on his way to buy black cattle, so completely lost patience that he several times scolded the guard in strong and severe terms—so much so that that official, losing his temper, told him that if he was not satisfied with the speed he might get out and walk. The American, who was looking out of the window, never moved a muscle, but rejoined calmly, "Well, sir, I guess I would do so if I were in a hurry!"

AN AWFU' DUNT.

Scene—Beattock Station. Train to terminus at Moffat.

Lady from the South: "Porter, does this train stop at Moffat?"

Porter: "Weel, mum, if it disna stop there, ye'll get an awfu' dunt!"

READY TO TAK' THAE THINGS AFF CORPSES.

WHEN the system of insuring against accidents to travellers by railway was first introduced, an elderly laird was driven to the station by his old coachman who had been long in his service. The latter handed over his luggage to his master in front of the booking-office window and had seen him insuring himself against accident. As the laird lifted up the insurance ticket and was about to put it in his pocket the servant said, "If ye please, sir, a' think ye had better gie me that ticket to tak' back hame wi' me." "Why do you suggest that, James?" "Because, sir, a'm telt they're very apt to tak'

sic things aff corpses." The laird had insured himself, but he had not contemplated being a corpse.

SPEIR THE PRICE AND NO' BUY THEM.

THERE is an old description of a Scotchman as a man "who keeps the Sabbath, and everything else he can lay his hands on." One of the nationality is also said to have described London as a dreadful place, for he had not been more than half an hour in it until "bang went saxpence." In keeping with these highly exaggerated representations of the close-fistedness of Scotchmen are the following:—

Three representatives of the divisions of the United Kingdom—an Englishman, an Irishman, and a Scotchman—were going in company along Regent Street when a young lady attendant in a glove-shop looked out of the door as they were passing. All of them were much impressed with her surpassing beauty, of an unusual type. They were equally anxious to have a more leisurely opportunity of seeing this high and rare type of beauty. They stopped and entered

into consultation as to the way in which they could most easily and successfully accomplish their object. Said the Englishman, "We'll manage it quite easily by going into the shop, getting the young lady to attend us, and buying a pair of gloves from her." "Yes," chimed in the Irishman, "and as delicately as possible, finding out her size, we'll present the gloves to the young lady." "Tuts!" said the Scotchman, "what's the use o' wasting siller, we'll speir their price and no buy them!"

LOOKING FOR OTHER PEOPLE'S PROPERTY.

A STORY to the same effect as the foregoing is told of three representatives of the respective nationalities who were travelling by train to a railway terminus. The Englishman left his compartment and walked at once out of the station, though it is sometimes alleged he would be more likely to go to the refreshment-room! The Irishman, after going from his compartment for a few paces, returned and examined it, in order to ascertain if he had left any of his property behind him. The Scotchman, up to

a certain point, did exactly like the son of St Patrick, but it is more than insinuated that while searching the compartment with even greater care than the Irishman, his object was to see if he could pick up anything belonging to any other person!

Of course this is a base calumny against the Scottish character which we can afford to repeat, seeing no one will believe it.

PREFERRING OTHER PEOPLE'S MATCHES.

IT is recorded of Sheridan that when he arrived at a gentleman's house for dinner, the host, wishing to consult his tastes in choosing the class of wine to bring up, asked him which wine he preferred, to which the reply was given, "Other people's, sir!"

A Scotchman travelling in the smoking-compartment of a third-class carriage, is said to have improved upon this candid avowal. Taking out his pipe he asked unsuccessfully one by one each person in the compartment if he could oblige him with a match. When he was reluctantly satisfied

that there was no hope of getting his wants supplied otherwise, he took his own well-filled match-box out of his pocket with a sigh and said, "Ah weel! seeing there's nae help for it a' maun tak' ane o' my ain matches!"

TWO-AND-SIX FOR WHISKY AND A BAWBEE FOR THE KIRK.

ON my way home from Edinburgh on one occasion I had as a fellow-traveller a little Welshman who was very talkative, and was specially emphatic on Scotch characteristics—insisting particularly on love of whisky and a disposition to starve the Kirk as being national traits. He repeated the following real or imaginary narrative in illustration of his contention:—On a Saturday night a Scotchman said to his boy, "Bob, there's half a crown; gang roun' to Sandy M'Nab's public-house and bring in a bottle o' whusky." As the lad was in the act of leaving the house on his errand his father called after him: "Bob, look here! there's a penny, bring back twa bawbees for't; ye see, if my heid and your

mother's heid are no ower sair the morn after drinking the whusky, we'll maybe gang to the Kirk, and if we dae gang we'll each need a bawbee for the collection." "That's the Scotch style," triumphantly added the Welshman: "two-and-six for whisky, and a halfpenny each for the church." I suppose I should have challenged him to a duel on the spot, but I didn't.

GUESS AGAIN—SOMETHING ABOUT TUPPENCE.

A SCOTCHMAN and a visitor from the United States met, and by and by became rather friendly. It is sometimes said that a Scotchman's way of showing his kindly feelings towards any one is to offer to treat him to a dram. Be that as it may, this native of the Land o' Cakes said to the stranger that if he would go into a refreshment-room near at hand he would treat him. "What wull ye have?" queried Sandy. "Well," leisurely replied the visitor, "I guess I'll have some

champagne." "Guess again," was the rejoinder; "guess something about tuppence—it mauna be abune fourpence!"

JEWS IN ABERDEEN.

THE old saying is widely known to the effect that a Jew cannot make a living in Aberdeen owing to the people of the Granite City being such sharp business men. A new edition of this has been told. A Jew was returned in a census paper as having taken up his residence in Aberdeen. It is said the authorities were so much impressed by this that they caused special inquiries to be made how and why he came to be there. The explanation he gave was that he had come to Aberdeen to learn the business! A friend of mine recently met a school-fellow of his who had settled in business—if I mistake not in the fish-trade—in Aberdeen, and asking him how he was getting on, the reply was, "Oh! fairly well, but I have a hard time of it. I've to deal with two classes equally keen and expert in business—you see I buy from Aberdonians and sell to Jews!"

THE SCOTCHMAN AND THE JEW.

A SCOTCHMAN and a Jew, who had had business transactions for a considerable period, had a violent quarrel during the course of a personal interview. There was an unsparing wordy warfare, in the course of which the Scotchman was getting the worst of the encounter. Goaded to desperation he exclaimed, "Man, Isaac, a' never ken't the Almichty mak' ony mistak', except ainee." "That is a most irreverent way of speaking of the Almighty, sir; what do you mean?" "A' juist mean this, that when He had the hale o' your race in the Red Sea He micht hae let the waters gang together and droon every man and mother's child o' ye. It wad hae been a gude riddance."

GETTING OUT CHEAP.

A SCOTCH jobmaster, noted for his dry humour and for his nerve in the handling of restive horses, was giving a friend a drive along a narrow country road. The horse bolted, and the friend getting into a state of great alarm

exclaimed, "By jove! Simpson, I'd give a five-pound note to get out of this machine!" The reply of the driver was far from reassuring: "Bide a wee, man, and ye'll get oot for far less than that!"

CAREFUL OF HIS CLOTHES AND HIS MONEY.

A HIGHLAND labourer, on his journey Southwards in search of work during harvest, called about mid-day upon a farmer for whom he had previously done a few days' work, and begged for his dinner. "Oh yes, James, you'll get your dinner; where are you bound for?" "To the South for the harvest," said James, further explaining that he expected to be away six weeks and would return in time for the harvest in his own native strath. "Six weeks! that's a long time; where is your luggage?" "Luggage! I neéd nae luggage. I'm juist as carefu' o' my claes as I am o' my siller. I hae but ae sark —it's on my back—and ae pound-note—it's in my pooch, and unless I canna help it I'll change neither the ane nor the ither till I come back."

MARRYING—A DISAGREEABLE JOB.

TWO brothers had been partners for many years as joint tenants of the same farm. They lived happily together and adjusted themselves to each other's ways most successfully. Both of them were bachelors, and in the estimation of their friends and neighbours there was little likelihood of any change in this respect. However, as they were sitting at the fire one winter's night the one said to the other, "Jamie, you and me's getting up in years. We've naebody tae tak' care o' us in oor auld age and close oor e'en when we're deid. Gang you away, look out a nice, trig, thrifty, weel daeing lass, court her and bring her hame. You and her'll be at the heid o' the hoose. A'll tak' my place juist like a lodger, kin' o' ways, and as far as a' can a'll be gude tae ye baith." Jamie sat silently for a minute or two and then replied, in a rather vexed tone of voice, "Tam, it's aye been the same since you and me leeved together. If there's ony job mair disagreeable than another to be dune, it's aye me that has to dae't."

THE "YOUNG SLATER'S" MARRIAGE OUT-FIT.

NO one can realise properly the improvement which has taken place in the circumstances of the population in the agricultural districts during the last fifty years, but those who knew them during, say, the "forties" or "fifties" of last century. The preparations for a marriage of members of that class then and now respectively would serve as good illustrations of this. I was at the parish school with a lad, Gibson, a son of a man in the parish of Wamphray, who, besides being precentor in the parish church, mended the roofs in the district, and hence his nickname of "The Slater." "The Young Slater," as we boys called the son, was married in 1853 or 1854, and something has impressed the fact on my memory that his trousseau—if that phrase is correctly applicable to the male sex—consisted entirely of getting new cuffs to his coat and new cappings to the toes of his shoes. Contrast that with the new suit of superfine cloth, beautiful silk neck-tie and light-coloured gloves of the bridegroom nowadays, not to speak of the "braws" of the

bride, which I have not the skill to describe, over and above the sumptuous repast for sixty to a hundred guests, and that beautiful work of art, a three-storeyed bridescake, which the daughter of a lord would have been contented with on her bridal day when I was very young.

SAVE MONEY FOR NEW TEETH FOR THE WIFE.

A MAN of my acquaintance was speaking to his master, the laird, one day of the contrast in the preparation needed nowadays for getting married and at the time when he entered the matrimonial state, upwards of fifty years ago. He proceeded: "There's yae thing — judging frae my observation—a young man'll hae to consider noo afore he marries, which he hadna then." "Indeed," said the laird, "and what is that?" "He'll have tae consider if he has seeven pun (pounds) laid by to buy a new set o' teeth for his wife. They were a' guid teeth then; onyway naebody bocht ony I kenned o'. Noo he's a lucky man if he hasna to buy his wife a new set within three years o' his waddin'."

YE CANNA UNCOUPLE AND I CAN.

WHEN one of the city ministers of Glasgow was travelling one day by the Subway he got into conversation with a fellow-passenger who had the appearance of being an artisan. The latter was very communicative, and in the course of conversation stated that he was a coupler on the railway. "Oh," said the minister, "I myself have been in that line of business for the last thirty-five years." Looking up and perceiving from his clerical collar the profession to which his fellow-traveller belonged, the railway coupler rejoined, "Oh, but I can beat you, sir!" "How can you beat me?" "Weel, sir, I can uncouple and ye canna: ye couple yours for better or for worse!"

ANE GUDE MAN OR TWA BAD ANES.

THE tenants of the late Captain Crichton of Lynn, Dalry, were bound by their leases to lead his coals from the pits in the neighbourhood. A tenant sent one day two carts for this purpose, one in charge of a native of the parish, and the other

in charge of a Highlandman who had come but recently to the Lowlands. Mrs Gillespie, when a young lady of from eighteen to twenty summers, was sent by her uncle, Captain Crichton, on the completion of their work, to give them a dram. She gave the first glass of whisky to the native, who, taking off his cap, said with a nod of the head, "Yer health, Miss! weel married, and soon!" The Highlandman who evidently thought he must be original, and if possible "go' one better," took off his Glengarry and, with a respectful bow, said, "Yer health, Miss! ae gude man, or twa bad anes!" It is certainly a new idea that an increase of number can make up for lack of quality in this department of life.

BRIDEGROOMS KISSING THEIR BRIDES.

IN the Kirk-Session Records of Dalton, Dumfries, nearly two hundred years ago there is a Minute to this effect: "The kirk-session of Dalton, taking into account the indecent and scandalous behaviour of bridegrooms in kissing their brides before asking the blessing of God upon matrimony, think fit to pass this Act, that

if any of the parishioners of Dalton are found practising in this wise they will be fined half a crown." There are many people who would have been ruined had they been called upon to pay fines at this rate!

MOTHER-IN-LAW.

FEW people in any position or class of society have come in for more criticism or gibes than mothers-in-law. One of the earliest and happiest of these gibes was Lord Palmerston's oft-quoted remark on the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill when it was first brought before Parliament, to the effect that the greatest recommendation his lordship could discover in favour of the Bill was that it proposed to make it posssible for a man to have two wives and only one mother-in-law! The taunts thrown out against the class are not confined to the middle and upper classes; they are heard among the general body of the people. "Tam, have ye heard the news? Your mither-in-law's deid." "Man, Jock," was the rejoinder, "dinna mak' me lauch, a've got a cracket lip."

JOHN KNOX AND HIS MOTHER-IN-LAW.

THE latest insinuation against a mother-in-law which I have heard was thrown out by Principal Story of Glasgow University, in a brilliant speech in the General Assembly of 1904 in connection with the proposal to celebrate the fourth centenary of John Knox. He said, "As for Knox being ill-natured and, like another great Scotsman, 'gey ill to live wi',' there was no trace of anything of the kind. It was one of the highest proofs possible of his amiability and sweetness of temper that for many years his mother-in-law was a constant inmate of his house."

A WIFE OR A SOO?

EVEN prospective mothers-in-law sometimes appear on the scene and make themselves disagreeable. A ploughman in Lanarkshire who was meditating marriage found that in addition to the fair one herself he had another to settle with. He was interviewed by the

intended mother-in-law, who was not unnaturally anxious to find out something about his means. Being questioned whether he was in a position to keep a wife, Jock confidently replied in the affirmative, placing the matter beyond all doubt by volunteering the following information: "There's hardly a mornin' but a' leave some o' ma' parritch; in fact, if a' dinna get a wife a' maun get a soo."

NEVER MARRY ANOTHER.

THERE was a navvy of my acquaintance who came to Dumfriesshire, from Lancashire, at the making of the Caledonian Railway. He married Margaret Henderson, and settled down in the district. He was from the outset, in general, a steady, sober man, the only exception being on pay-nights and special occasions, when his old navvy habits, were apt to come back to him and lead him to take a little drop too much. His wife, an excellent, industrious, judicious woman, used to repress his wayward tendencies in this direction, and while he duly appreciated her worth ordinarily, he

was inclined to resent her interference when he had had a glass or two. On one occasion when he had "a wee drappie o't," he was asked to sign a Petition to Parliament against the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, which had recently been before the country for the first time. His reply was an entirely disinterested one: "No, I won't put my hand to paper, but I'll give ye my word on't I'll never marry another daughter o' Henderson's." Parliament might pass the Bill, but he would not take advantage of it!

WHAE SHOULD A' MARRY?

JOHN BELL, Timpenheck, a worthy man and good husband, was apparently sick unto death. His wife, Jean Telfer, who was considerably younger than he, nursed him kindly, and to the best of her ability. He had more than once indicated to her his fear that he would not recover, and had referred kindly and thoughtfully to the arrangements she should make for the future. She thought he was too particular in his hints, and said to him,

"It's very gude and considerate o' ye to plan things for me, but a' wad like to say to ye, John, if there's onybody mair than anither ye wad like me to marry after ye're awa' a' wush ye wad tell me." John, irritated at this question on her part, said testily, "Jean, ye can marry the deil if ye like." "Na, na! John, a'll no dae that; a'll no marry twice intil the same family!" John had the worst of it.

NOT MARRYING THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

THE minister of Wamphray when I was a boy, whose family were my contemporaries at school, married the third daughter of a family while the two elder sisters were still unmarried. A critical aunt of the young lady laid down the doctrine that it was not the correct thing to go into any decent man's family and not begin at the head, and it was specially objectionable for a minister to do so!

DAE WHAT ANE CAN FOR ANE'S BRITHER MAN.

WHEN I was an assistant in Paisley I was asked to use my influence to get out-door relief from the parish of Cardross for the widow of a man who had recently died. Some time elapsed before I got a reply, which was unfavourable. On my way upstairs to the garret in which she lived, I heard a voice lilting very sweetly, "A wee Bird cam' to oor Ha' Door," and I thought this betokened a change of tone and spirits. In due course I delivered my message, and regretted it was not more favourable. She replied, "It doesna maitter, sir, a's gaun to change my life." Feigning that I did not understand her meaning, I said I did not know her life was of such a character that it required to be changed in any material degree. "Oh! it's no that, sir, a's gaun to be married." "Indeed," I said, "who are you getting?" "He's a widow man—he's an engineer doon at Renfrew! He cam' and speirt me, and a' said no; and he cam' and speirt me again, and a' juist thocht as he had a hoose

and as a' had a hoose, and as it's ane's duty to dae what ane can for ane's brither man, a' said yes." I expressed the hope that he was a respectable well-doing man. "Oh yes, sir, he's a' that; he tak's a dram at an odd time on pay-nichts, but oh! sir, he had an awfu' deil o' a wife!"

CRY AWA'.

THE former system of graduating charges for the proclamation of banns in the parish churches of Scotland seems, from one point of view, to have been absurd, for the fee was smaller the greater the work that had to be done. When the proclamation was made on one Sunday the charge generally was £1, when on two Sundays it was 10s. and when on three Sundays 4s. 6d. The explanation of the seeming absurdity is that the proclamation on three Sundays was the regular normal proceeding, and when the intimation was desired to be made within a less time the increased fees were in the nature of a fine for the irregularity. A woman went to a minister to get herself and

her intended husband duly proclaimed. On asking the charges these were set forth to her as above. There was some apparent warrant for the observation which she then made: "Weel, then, ye can juist cry awa' till ye pay yoursels."

CA' YE ME DIRTY?—YE SHOULD SEE HER

A WORKMAN, Thomas Thomson, in a Forfarshire parish, called on the parish minister one Friday evening to "give in the names" for proclamation of banns with a view to marriage. He went direct to the manse from his work, and as the job he was working at was an unusually dirty one, he was, in his person and clothes, in a very untidy, even grimy, condition. After he had intimated the object of his visit, and had given particulars regarding himself and his future wife, Marion Black, the minister censured him severely for coming to him on such an errand in such a besmeared state, winding up thus: "Thomas, you should have gone home and washed yourself, and come in a tidy, clean state to give in the names. It is not respectful, either

to me or to Marion, to have come as you have done." Thomas, who was quite taken aback by this unexpected reproof, rejoined, "Ca' ye me dirty, minister?—ye should see *her!*"

"MOUDIE WULLIE" HAD LOTS O' CHANCES.

WILLIE CLARK, mole-catcher, who lived in the neighbouring parish known over all the country-side as "Moudie Wullie" called upon me one Friday evening, accompanied by a friend. He was well-known to me from catching the moles on the glebe. He was a widower, according to the public his age being seventy-five years, but he himself owned to being only sixty-five. Wullie intimated that he wished to be proclaimed on the following Sunday with a view to marriage. I got paper and wrote down his name and other particulars, and then inquired who was the fortunate lady. "Mary Bell," he replied with a self-satisfied air. "Is that Mary Bell who lives at Old Brocklehirst?" "Yes, that's her," and then looking up with a complacent air he added: "Ye'll be thinkin' a've made a gude selection?" I did the complimentary to the

best of my ability, upon which he remarked with an air of importance, "A' had lots o' chances; a' could hae gotten several had a' liked." After a pause he asked, as if this had been his first experience of entering on matrimony, "What is't ye dae aboot this crying ava'?" "Well, Willie, there will be intimation made in Mouswald Church on Sunday that there is a purpose of marriage between you and Mary Bell. The same notice will be repeated the following Sunday, and if after that nobody appears to object, I will give you a certificate to that effect which will enable you to get the marriage ceremony performed." Then with the most serious face and voice I could command I added, "But you know, Willie, with these numerous chances you have had you may have committed yourself to some other fair dame—she may appear and object, and effectually stop the whole proceedings." Willie, with great promptitude and emphasis, then declared, "Oh! there's nae fear o' that—no' the least fear! A' keepit mysel' quite clear—quite clear: a' had hard work though, to escape them!" Willie apparently had a vivid realisation of the traps and nets which had been set to catch him.

NEXT day I was calling on my friend and parishioner, Mr Semple, Mouswald Banks, and in course of conversation said, "Banks, have you heard any report about Moudie Willie getting married?" "Oh yes! they say he's found a lass at last who has consented to tak' him, and the wedding's to be soon. He was here three days syne speirin' oor dairymaid if she wad hae him, an' it's said she was the eighth he had asked." This threw a fresh light on Willie's "lots o' chances."

I married Willie in a fortnight, and followed my usual habit of staying to take tea with the marriage party in the cottage where the bride lived. As in the case of "Duncan Gray" and "Maggie," any one could see that—

> "Now they're crouse and canty baith,
> Ha, ha, the wooin' o't."

I frequently met Willie thereafter, and invariably on asking for his wife I got the same answer, "She's rael weel, thank ye, Mr Gillespie. She's turnin' oot (laying emphasis on these two words) a rael quate, decent, respectable woman."

Frichten'd he would get a Deil

Willie put great stress, not without cause, on the "turning oot" idea, thereby showing unconsciously his agreement with the description of marriage quoted by Dean Ramsay as given by a minister in the North who in marrying a couple always set out by saying, "My friends, marriage is a blessing to some, a curse to many, and a great uncertainty and risk to all. Will you venture?" And then after a pause he repeated with great emphasis, "Will you venture?" The last time I saw Willie, after getting the invariable answer to my inquiry for his wife, I said cheerily, "Willie, I think you have been very fortunate in the wife you have got." "'Deed have a'," was the prompt reply, "'deed have a'." And then looking me very earnestly in the face he added, "A' was awfu' frichten'd a' wad get a deil!" A deil for a wife to a man at any age would be bad enough, but a deil when the husband is seventy-five would be very bad indeed.

TRY AND WARSLE (WRESTLE) THROUGH.

WILLIE CLARK'S experience was different to that of a farmer in Lochmaben parish, whom I recollect as an old man of seventy when I was a boy. Though so much of a cripple as to require the help of a couple of sticks when walking, he married a third wife. She was much younger than her spouse, and it "turned oot" that the "grey mare" was decidedly the better horse. He confided to a crony his matrimonial position and grievances, winding up his tale of woe by declaring, "Man, Peter, a' assure ye, if it's the Lord's wull to tak' this ane away, a'll try and warsle (wrestle) through!"

LOOKING AT EACH OTHER.

TO two Dumfriesshire gentlemen who were touring through the Lake District of England, the driver one day said, "We always know a newly-married couple when they're passing through this district." "Indeed?" queried one

of the tourists; "by what means do you identify them?" "Well, sir, they're always taken up looking at each other and not at the scenery!"

IDENTIFYING A NEWLY MARRIED COUPLE.

WHEN I was at Niagara some years ago I was shown the Falls from all points of view, by a gentleman whose residence was in the immediate vicinity. As we were standing on the higher ground on the Canadian side my guide, pointing to a large building on the United States side, asked, "Do you see that large building there?" I answered in the affirmative. "Well," he proceeded, "that is a hotel—a favourite place for newly-married couples going to. There is a hotel porter there who claims that he can tell, infallibly, a newly-married couple when they arrive. When asked how he does so, he replies, 'Well, sir, if a newly-married couple drive up to this hotel, and if, when I step forward, as it is my duty to receive them, I attempt to help the lady out, I run a great risk of being knocked down. But if a couple arrive who have been

married a considerable time, I may not only help the lady out, but I may carry her upstairs, and I am never interfered with.'" Of course this is a calumny!

I HAVE A HUSBAND I CAN LIVE WITH.

WHAT was at once the smartest and the most severe retort ever given to me was under the following circumstances. During the absence of Mrs Gillespie on a visit to her relations in Ayrshire, an invitation was received to an evening party at the manse of a neighbouring parish. I wrote explaining that Mrs Gillespie would not be home by the date specified, but that if our friends would take me alone I would be pleased to comply with the invitation. I arrived, and was received very kindly. By way of teasing my hostess, I said there were very few wives so well off as mine—that she went away a holiday for two, four, and sometimes even six weeks at a time. I thought I was making out a good case and altogether doing very well; but I had reason to change my idea when the lady looked me calmly in

the face and quietly remarked, "The fact is, Mr Gillespie, I have got a husband that I can live with!"

A' MAUN WAIT A WEE BIT YET.

A WOMAN with a child in her arms, a second held by the hand, and a third by her side—all of them very young—called at a photographer's one day. When the latter appeared she inquired what was his charge for making photographs of children. He replied that his usual charge was ten shillings per dozen. "Ah, weel," she said, turning to go away, "A' maun juist wait a wee bit yet, for a've only eleven weans."

I'LL SOON GET ANOTHER.

ONE of my acquaintances, who was a farmer, after the close of the wars with France, had a hard struggle to make ends meet. Prices fell, rents were high, and altogether times were hard and made farmers anxious. His health

was indifferent, and he used to take to his bed, his spirits being the more depressed because of the difficulties in the way of making his farming pay. The doctor told his wife—a very clever, spirited woman, who long predeceased her husband—that he thought himself far worse than he was, that she should stir him up, and that, in fact, if he would go about and believe that nothing was wrong he would soon be all right again. One day he was lying in bed, in a very lugubrious frame of mind, while she was moving about attending to the numerous heavy household and family calls made upon her. He said, "Mary, if anything happens to me, I do not see what's to come of you and the weans!" Quite cheerily and blithely she rejoined, "Oh, Peter, don't put yourself about about that, for if anything happens to you I'll soon get another!" He was not only out of bed, but over the whole of his farm that afternoon, and lived to the age of ninety-five, long after she had been taken. He did not relish the idea of a successor.

DEEING HUSBANDS AND WIVES—P.T.O.

WHEN I was assistant in Paisley to Mr Alison, afterwards Dr Alison of Newington, a woman, who a few months before had not for the first time been left a widow, called on him as her minister to ask him to marry her. Knowing her history matrimonially, he said: "Surely you have had your share of husbands! how many is this you are going to have?" Beginning to sob and cry, and rubbing her eyes with her apron, she replied, "'Deed sir, it's the third; but a' think naebody was ever bothered wi' deeing men like me!" A professional gentleman in Glasgow—to adopt this widow's form of phraseology — had been bothered with deeing wives, having been bereft of no fewer than three, whose names he successively got inscribed on the tombstone, one side of which was entirely filled with the list. By and by he was married to a fourth—a matter-of-fact type of lady—who remarked to an intimate friend, "If the Doctor survives me he'll have to put 'P.T.O.' at the bottom of the stone and have my name inscribed on the other side!"

EXPECTING ONY ITHER BODY?

IN a certain South-country town John Thomson had been spending the night with

> "Some ancient, trusty, drouthy, cronies."

It was past "the wee sma' hour ayont the twal" before the company rose to go home. Wending his way homeward he had visions of what he feared would be

> "His sulky sullen dame
> Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
> Nursing her wrath to keep it warm."

At length he found his way into the lobby, where, as he feared from past experience, a stern voice came from the upper landing. "Is that you, John?" Looking up with an air of innocence, John replied, "Aye, it's me! were ye expecting ony ither body?" John got off for once by putting on the grey mare the onus of making an explanation.

NO' A MITHER AVA, JUST AN INCUBATOR.

A TITLED lady south of the Forth was in the habit of taking a keen and active part personally in public movements, political, social, and benevolent. This led her to be very much absent from home, so much so as to create the impression among some in her own neighbourhood that she was not sufficiently at home with her children, leaving them very much to the care of the governess and servants. It had been arranged that she would address a Mothers' Meeting in a small hall on her husband's estate, not far from the mansion-house. A middle-aged spinster, who took a warm and active interest in such matters, called on the ploughmen's wives in the neighbourhood to invite them to be present at the meeting. One of them had indicated her unwillingness to attend, when the lady pressed her for her own benefit to go and hear her ladyship. She would hear from her ladyship most useful information about the duties of mothers, how to bring up their children, and much to the same effect. Upon still demurring to attend, the urgency and the persistency of the invita-

tion became so great that the ploughman's wife, who probably was conscious of devoting all her time and attention to her own children, could stand it no longer, and so she broke out: "Lady Blank set hersel' up tae teach mithers how tae bring up their weans! Her a pattern for mithers! Ca' her a mither! She's nae mither ava! she's just an incubator!" The canvassing spinster was glad to get away.

MY FAMILY AND YOUR FAMILY THRASHING OUR FAMILY.

THE son of an Annandale gentleman of my acquaintance joined a cavalry regiment and gradually rose to the rank of Colonel. He married, but his wife died, leaving a family. By and by he married as a second wife a widow lady, who also had a family. There was a third family in due course. One day there was a dreadful noise in the nursery as if nothing short of murder was being committed. The Colonel and his wife, though in different parts of the house at the time, heard the alarming sounds and hastened to the nursery.

Talent to be a Farmer

The Colonel arrived slightly in advance and had realised the state of affairs by the time of the arrival of his wife, who in breathless anxiety demanded what was the matter. "Keep your mind easy, my dear!" was the reply; "it was my family and your family thrashing our family!" The relationship of the inhabitants of the nursery was very much mixed.

TALENT TO BE A FARMER.

COUNTRY people are disposed to pay special deference to a minister who is more than usually well-informed in farming and kindred matters. The late Rev. Robert H. Whyte, minister of Dryfesdale, had a thorough knowledge of agricultural matters, including live-stock. A shepherd who had been in charge of a flock of sheep folded on turnips near his manse, after having had frequent conversations with him, spoke of him in these terms to his own employer: "He's a wonderfu' able man! he's bye-ordinar' clever a'together! In fact, he has talent to be a farmer."

GIE ME BRAEHEAD AT A MODERATE RENT.

THE tenant of the farm of Braehead had occupied it for a couple of leases. It was a sound, desirable holding, pleasantly situated, and with many advantages otherwise. Being a regular attender at the kirk he heard the minister preach a very eloquent sermon from the text, Rev. xxi. 1—"And I saw a new heaven and a new earth! for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away." The preacher had drawn a striking contrast between this world and the next, in which he set forth in bold relief the disadvantages of the one, and the advantages and attractions of the other. On the following day at the market the tenant gave an account of the sermon in his own way, to another farmer, and wound up by declaring, "As he was pentin' the ither world in sic gran' colours, a' juist thocht to mysel'—'Gie me the farm o' Braehead at a moderate rent, and like, Paul, a'll be contented where a' am.'"

KENS NAETHING ABOUT PLOUGHING.

THE late Rev. Dr John Robertson of the Cathedral, Glasgow, an extremely able man who died when comparatively young, was having part of his glebe ploughed by his neighbours when he became minister of Mains and Strathmartine. One of the farmers, an elder, who had arranged the "boon" ploughing, as it is termed, suggested to the young minister that he should go out to the field and interview the ploughmen, a suggestion which Mr Robertson readily acted on. But the elder gave him a caution, in some such terms as these: "Dinna talk to them aboot ploughing, sir! Ye see, they ken aboot ploughing and ye dinna, and if they find oot frae your talk that ye dinna ken aboot ploughing, they're apt to suppose that ye ken aboot naething else."

PLOUGHING AND PREACHING MATCHES.

A DUMFRIESSHIRE parish minister of a former generation had allowed his man to compete at the parish ploughing match. When the

competitor returned to the manse the minister lost no time in interviewing him in the stable. "Well, Andrew," he asked, "how did you get on? Did you get a prize?" "Yes, sir, I got the sixth prize." "How many ploughs were there?" "There were twenty-four, sir!" "So few as twenty-four competitors, Andrew, and you have only got the sixth prize! I'm ashamed of you, Andrew, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself." The minister kept nagging at Andrew still further, until, losing patience, the latter at length rejoined: "Weel, sir, if ye had been at a preaching match wi' as mony at it, ye mightna hae been sae far forrit yoursel'." The minister made a hasty retreat to the manse.

TAMMIE, MY MAN, PIT A' THE CREAM IN.

IT is sometimes alleged that in some instances a portion of the cream is abstracted from milk before the latter is made into cheese, which when done, of course, lessens the richness of the cheese. A farmer's son, Thomas Robson, was about to enter on a lease of a dairy-farm. At a party given at a neighbouring farm in his

honour, the conversation for a time naturally turned on the future proceedings and prospects of the principal guest, who, after explaining that he was to manufacture his milk into cheese, and that he meant to go most enthusiastically into that branch of the business, wound up by declaring that, "he would put his very heart and soul into the cheese!" Quietly from one of the corners of the room was heard the voice of one of his cronies, who said, "It'll be far better, Tammie, my man, if ye pit the hale o' the cream intil't."

AN ISLAND AND A PENINSULA.

THE foregoing reminds me of an incident in a North American day school in a dairy district, which I may be excused for telling, as it was told to me by an Agricultural Professor from a well-known Canadian College. Holstein, or Dutch, cows are plentiful in the district, and that the unusually watery composition of their milk was well known to one of the pupils is apparent from the sequel. The teacher said to this pupil, "William, describe to me an island." "Well, sir,"

said the scholar, "if I were to take a cork and put it in water, that cork would be an island for it would be wholly surrounded by water." "A very intelligent and suggestive answer, William. Now tell me further what is a peninsula?" "Well, sir, if I were to take that same cork and put it in Holstein milk, it would be a peninsula, for it would be almost wholly surrounded by water." "Again a most discriminating answer, William; you will get maximum marks to-day."

TENANTS IN THEIR NAIT'RAL STATE.

SOME generations ago the Duke of Gordon continued the practice, even when an old man, of personally attending the "rent dinners" which he was in the habit of giving to his tenants on the occasion of paying their rents to the factor on the estate. Invariably after his Grace took his departure the conviviality was prolonged for some time, and generally the company became a little hilarious, all the more so that they had got quit of their obligations to their landlord for another six

months. After the principal toasts had been proposed and responded to, including the Duke's health and that of the tenantry, the latter of which his Grace proposed in cordial terms, bringing out the good relationship between them, he rose to leave. On noticing this, one of his old favourite tenants, who was a bit of a character, said, "Yer Grace, you're no gaun awa to leave us, are ye?" "Oh yes, James! you see the night is dark, the roads are not good, I am getting an old man, and I must get home in good time," "Oh! yer Grace," promptly but respectfully rejoined James, "ye micht stay an hour or twa and see yer tenants in their nait'ral state!"

DIFFICULTY RAISING THE RENT.

THE Marquis of Queensberry was in the habit of calling frequently on one of his favourite tenants, the late Mr Andrew Rae of "The Broom." On one of these occasions, by way of teasing him, his lordship said, "You know, Mr Rae, your lease is about to expire; I've come to raise your rent." Mr Rae, not the

least put out, calmly rejoined: "Weel, my Lord, a'll be muckle obleeged to ye, for I've great difficulty raising it mysel'!"

NEVER CAUL', BUT ETERNALLY DRY.

ON another occasion the Marquis of Queensberry, calling upon Mr Rae, found him sitting in the house without his coat. When his lordship left, Mr Rae accompanied him a considerable distance along the road, without either his coat or his hat. At length Lord Queensberry said, "You are running a great risk, Mr Rae; you must turn, you'll get cold." "Na, na, my Lord," was the tenant's ready reply, "a'm never caul', but a'm eternally dry!"

COULD LIVE BUT FOR THE SABBATHS.

SOME years ago I called on Mr John Rae, Broom, son of the foregoing, as he was in the act of finishing his last stack of corn. I said, "Mr Rae, you have a bumper grain crop; if the remainder of your farm yields as well as

your cropping land has done, you will have no difficulty paying your rent, unless it is all the greater. May I ask what is your rent?" "Just £1 each day, or £365 in the year." "Judging from your well-filled stackyard, you'll not have much difficulty in paying that." "Weel," was the prompt rejoinder, "a' was telling the factor the ither day a' could leeve no' sae bad if it wasna for the Sabbath days." He wished a reduction from his rent of £52 per annum.

A BARN TO BE BUILT OR MAUN FLIT.

AN old and favourite tenant had had his rent gradually reduced from time to time by his landlord, until at length he occupied the farm entirely rent-free. He appeared as usual on the rent day, to the astonishment of the factor, who said to him, "John, I did not expect to see you here to-day. Why have you come?" "Weel, sir," replied John, "a've just come to tell ye that if ye dinna build me a new barn a' maun flit at the next term."

A NEW MANURE.

AT a time when chemically-prepared manures were unknown in this country, much excitement was caused among farmers by the announcement that there had been discovered a curious manure called Guano, which was so strong that the slightest powdering of the soil with it would produce as heavy crops as a liberal dressing of farmyard dung would do. An up-to-date, go-ahead farmer was holding forth to a neighbour of the old school as to this wonderful discovery, stating that he had been told that a farmer could carry in one of his waistcoat pockets enough of this new manure for a whole acre of land. "Haith!" replied the cautious and somewhat sceptical neighbour, "a' doot if ye carry on that system o' manuring for ony length o' time, the crap might be ta'en hame in the ither pooch!"

MACMA'S REASON FOR NOT GIVING UP WHISKY.

WHEN I was a boy there was an old farmer, Mr Carruthers of Macma, at the head of Dryfe Water in Annandale, whose notable sayings used

to be very commonly quoted. Like a good many of his class in his day he patronised the bottle more than was desirable, either for his bodily health or welfare otherwise. Having naturally rather weak eyes, these were made worse by his too-frequent potations. He was a favourite with Lady Anne Hope, who owned the Annandale property of which his farm formed a part. Being at Raehills one day on business, he was asked to stay for lunch. Lady Anne said to him if he would give up drinking whisky she could and would give him a cure for his eyes. This was too hard a condition to fulfil, and his declinature to comply with it was expressed thus: "My lady, it is better to let the windows fall oot than to allow the walls to fall doon."

MACMA'S PRAYER.

THE Laird of the Glen in Macma's country, about a century ago, had a bad reputation for leading young women astray. This explains one of the petitions of what has long been known in the district as "Macma's Prayer,"

which was in these comprehensive and significant terms—"O Lord! keep my body frae the doctors, my purse frae the lawyers, my soul frae the deevil, and my dochters frae the Laird o' the Glen!"

SLEEPIT IN MA BREEKS.

A FRIEND of mine—a noble lord from the southern side of the Border, who farmed for many years with great distinction in Scotland, was spending the night in a farmhouse of modest dimensions. The farmer, who felt honoured at having his lordship under his roof, was apologising for the plainness of the bedroom and of the accommodation generally. "Oh! don't apologise, my friend, I'll be quite comfortable. I've slept in a cot before now." "Weel, ye beat me, my lord! a' never sleepit in my coat but a' hae sleepit a gude mony times in ma breeks."

Feeding you to the Wecht o' the Minister

ABRAM'S BOSOM.

AT a Highland and Agricultural Society's Show, in a comparatively small town where sleeping accommodation is limited, a party of farmers parted late in the day to seek for quarters for the night. One of the party was my friend, Mr Abram Kerr of Old Gretna. The same company met in the showyard next morning, and were comparing notes as to how they had fared during the night. A rather self-possessed youth, who had shared a bed with the above-named farmer, said with an air of importance, "I slept in Abram's bosom." His bed-fellow, tapping him on the shoulder, rejoined: "My young man, ye should hae stoppit there; ye'll maybe no get back again!"

FEEDING YOU TO THE WECHT O' THE MINISTER?

MY first essay in farming on my own account was feeding on the glebe, on a diet of turnips and supplemental concentrated food, a small

lot of lambs bred in Moffat Water by the late Captain James Johnstone of Capplegill. I never forced any animals on a more rich or liberal diet, but the lambs were of the West country type of Cheviots, which are small in frame and cannot be made into heavy weights. I entered twenty of them for competition at the April Show at Lockerbie, where the sheep were put on the scales, the prize being given to the heaviest lot. The late Mr Brown, Hardgrave, had selected forty out of a lot of several hundred of large-framed lambs bred in Eskdale-muir — proverbial for its big Cheviots— and, having given them the first run of all his best keep, produced sheep "a leg" or 25 per cent. heavier than my exhibits. The result of the competition was no sooner known than one of my neighbours—the late Mr Robert Grierson, West Mains—began, before a select but appreciative audience of my parishioners, to tease my man, Duncan Mundell, about his defeat. It may be explained, that Mr Grierson was a five feet six inches man, of slender build as compared with my record of six feet, and not much short then of sixteen stones. The banter took some such form as this: "Man, Duncan,

I'm astonished at ye bringing such sheep as these here and getting defeated so completely —bringing disgrace on the minister, yourself, and the whole parish." Duncan pled that the sheep had such small frames they could not be fed and brought to such weights as their opponents. Mr Grierson knew that the plea was a good one, but he was bent on teasing Duncan, and continued in the same strain. At last, driven to desperation, Duncan took in with a glance from head to foot his rather diminutive teaser, and completely discomfited him by saying: "Dae ye think onybody could feed you to the wecht (weight) o' the minister?"

AN UNSEEMLY PROCESSION TO THE KIRKYARD.

A TENANT on the Galston Estate (in Ayrshire) of the Duke of Portland was negotiating with his Grace's factor, Mr Turner, for a new lease of his farm, which he and his ancestors had occupied for several generations. Everything had been satisfactorily adjusted, including the fixing of the rent and the building of a new byre to accommodate thirty cows, with the

exception of the question which of the parties was to defray the cost of the cow-troughs, cow-chain-bands, and a wooden sort of a gallery at the end of the new building, popularly called a "hen-loft," to hold the poultry. Tenants usually pay for these, but this tenant, who had made a good bargain in respect of rent, etc., made a bold attempt to saddle the Duke with this outlay. The factor, however, who would not yield, as a last argument said: "John, you must pay for them; they will be your own property, and you can take them with you when you leave the farm." The idea of leaving the farm had never for a moment entered John's head, and so looking at the factor, he said, in a tone more easily imagined than described: "Umph! factor—umph! tak' them wi' me when I leave the farm? A bonny sicht it wad be to hae thirty coo-troughs, thirty coo-bands and a hen-laft ta'en ahin' the hearse tae Galston kirkyaird!"

THEY SENT ME FOR SAUT (SALT).

JOHN DICKSON, sixteen years of age, was brought up before the Sheriff on a charge of desertion of service from the farm of Kirkhill,

where he was hired as a half-yearly servant. When placed in the dock he had a woe-begone look, and in reply to the question whether he was guilty or not guilty, he pled guilty. The Sheriff, however, a good judge of character, was so much impressed with his simple, honest appearance and expression that he determined to make some inquiries into the facts of the case. "John," said his lordship, "tell me how this happened; you seem an honest, well-meaning lad, I will be slow to believe you intended to do anything wrong. Tell me how it happened." This appeal only brought tears to John's eyes, and failed to make him speak. The Sheriff encouraged him to tell about it in his own way. John at length, in broken accents, proceeded: "A' went to the bit, sir, at Mairtinmas. A' wasna lang there till an auld coo dee'd: they sent me for saut (salt), and a' helpet tae eat her! Next an auld yow (ewe) dee'd: they sent me for saut, and a' helpet tae eat her. After that the auld soo dee'd: they sent me for saut, and a' helpet tae eat her." John's sobbing had gradually increased, and at this stage it completely mastered him, so that he could not proceed any further. The Sheriff

told him to compose himself and keep himself calm,—that he had followed his narrative so far clearly and been much interested in it. "Take plenty of time, John, and finish your statement in your own way." Thus encouraged, John proceeded, though with difficulty, thus—"Next, sir, the auld wife dee'd: they sent me for saut, and a' didna gang back again! That's the way it happened, sir!"

John, it need scarcely be added, was dismissed without an admonition!

£30 SPENT ON REPAIRS.

ANDREW PHILLIPS, Denbieyet, Dumfriesshire, had been severely injured by a bull which had developed a savage temper and attacked him when at a disadvantage. He was for a time attended by a doctor in the district, and subsequently by a medical man from a distance, who kept him under his care for a considerable time. Thereby he incurred a heavy bill for medical attendance. When he was almost convalescent, one of his old cronies

said to him: "A' congratulate you, Andrew, on looking sae weel after your lang illness." "Looking weel, neebour? a' should be looking weel: there hae been £30 spent in repairs on me lately, and a'm no finished yet!"

TREATING THE JUDGES.

ON the afternoon of the judging day at a Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland's Show, after the awards had been announced, the following encounter between two well-known Clydesdale exhibitors occurred. Mr Andrew Montgomery of Netherhall entered a refreshment-tent in which Mr David Riddell was seated along with three of the judges:—

Mr Riddell: "Come here, Andrew! Look here!—I'm treating the judges."

Mr Montgomery: "It's all right: I treated them yestreen!"

A BID FOR A PRIZE—MINISTER VERSUS *ELDER.*

AT one of the local Christmas Fat Stock Shows in Dumfriesshire a pawky elder was exhibiting a fat bullock, when much to his surprise he discovered that the minister of the parish was also showing an animal in the same class. Before the cattle entered the judging-ring the following conversation was overheard :—

Pawky Elder: "Man, Judge, it'll never dae for the like o' me to be beaten by a minister. A' tell ye what, man! if a' get the first prize a'll send ye a bacon ham."

Judge: "Hoots, man, gang awa' wi' ye! The minister's a gentleman, for he has promised me a hale swine."

ROSETTES MAKE A GREAT IMPRESSION.

ON the last day of the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show at Edinburgh, James M'Arthur, herdsman to the late Lord Malcolm of Poltalloch, came to me in my capacity of Steward of Cattle. Touching his cap he said,

Scene

"Wad ye be having any spare rosettes, Doctor Gillespie?" (It ought to be explained here that at the Show of the national Agricultural Society, rosettes are given for each of the prize animals, these being of different colours according as the prize is first, second, or third, and so on.) "Have you lost some of your rosettes, James," I said, "and wish them replaced?" "Oh! it's no that! but, you see, I'll be going down the Clyde and up the Crinan Canal to-morrow in the boat with his lordship's cattle. There will be lots of English and American tourists on board, and when I have lots of rosettes and hang them all over the boat, and make them believe I have won them all, it makes a great impression." "Come away with me, James, I must help you to cheat the tourists," and I gave him all the spare rosettes I could lay my hands on.

SCENE.

Dumfries Hotel Bedroom. Occasion—Highland Society's Show, at 4 A.M. *of the judging day.*

ONE Director (*who has gone into the bedroom of another*): "Are you sleeping, H——?"

Second Director: "Well, I am not sleeping since you came in."

First Director: "Have you any objection to get up and go across to the show-yard?"

Second Director: "Why do you wish to go to the show-yard at this unseasonable hour?"

First Director: "Well, ye see, H——, I'm showing a pig, and I'm very anxious to go across and see how it has rested!"

A CHEAP FAIRM AND PLENTY O' MUCK.

AN enthusiastic advocate of applied science was very earnestly and at some length impressing on an old-fashioned farmer the advantage of science as applied to agriculture, when the latter said: "For my pairt, a' believe in the auld saying, that, 'Muck is the mither o' the meal-chest.' What dae a' want wi' science? Gie me a cheap fairm and plenty o' muck, and a'll be contented."

GOING ONE BETTER.

TWO farmers were comparing notes as to the damage which had been done to their oat crops by the grub of Daddy-long-legs. The one asserted that unquestionably he was the heaviest loser in the district, for crops on his "lea" field were so eaten up by the grub that there was "nothing left except a stalk here and a stalk there." "Ah! but I am far worse off," rejoined the other, "for on my field there is a stalk here and deil a yin there!"

THE MINISTER LO'ED HIS BLACKSKINS.

Scene—Two boys romping in the Parish Kirk-yard.

First Boy: "Let's get oot o' this in dooble quick time, Sandy; losh, man! dae ye no see the minister comin' doon the glebe?"

Second Boy: "Hoots, Tam, there's nae hurry; dae ye no ken the minister'll claw the rumps o' a' them black queys for the next half-hour?"

(*The boys continue their romping.*)

FILLED MYSEL' FOR STOOKING.

A HARVESTER at Stonehouse, Gretna, as he rose from his dinner in the farm kitchen, had a message conveyed to him by the farmer's son that he was to bind sheaves after the manual-delivery reaper in the afternoon. "No, I won't," was his curt reply. "Well, Jamie, ye can please yourself; my father told me to deliver this message to you, and if you don't do it, ye'll get into trouble with him." "I won't do it for either you or your faither! Ye should hae tel't me sooner. At dinner-time I filled mysel' for stooking, and I can't bind."

AN EXACT CALCULATION FOR AN OYSTER-FEAST.

THE foregoing is suggestive of what I have heard of an oyster-feast annually given by the corporation or some other body in Colchester. A gentleman who had attended the feast for the first time was enjoying it so much that he remarked to the guest sitting next him that

he was at a loss to know when to stop, and he appealed to him how he should judge when to call a halt. "The plan I take," was the reply, "is this: I seat myself at the commencement exactly two inches from the table, and when I feel myself touching it I know it is time to stop."

I'M A BAD DOER.

A CATTLE salesman in Norwich—a native of Galloway—of last generation, was a man of heavy build, though not tall. The late Mr Thomas Biggar, of Chapelton, Dalbeattie, an old friend, was introduced to a son of the salesman, who was as thin and spare in figure as his father was thick and broad. Said Mr Biggar, "You a son of my old friend, Mr Stroyan of Norwich! Do you sit at the same table and get a full share of all that is going?" "Yes, I do," was the rejoinder, full of meaning to the owner of live stock. "I get the best of everything, but the truth is, I am a bad doer!" It was far from being true of him what a ploughman's wife said to me of her former

minister — a man, fat, plump, and of ruddy complexion: "Ae, sir, hasna Mr Davidson a bonny skin, and isn't it rael weel filled?"

A HIGHLANDER CLASSIFIES CHAMPAGNE AS MINERAL WATERS.

TWO Highland farmers, Donald M'Kinnon and Alister M'Alister, took part in the coming of age celebrations of the eldest son and heir of their laird. Among the functions was a grand banquet, given by the laird, who issued emphatic instructions to the waiters through the butler, that the champagne was not to be stinted, that this occurred only once in a lifetime, and that it was to be properly celebrated. These instructions were carried out to the letter—so much so that the two farmers had each two bottles of champagne under his belt. At this stage, looking across the table, with a significant half-confidential air, the one said, "Alister, a'll be hoping we'll get some whusky afore we gang awa'." "Yes, man, Tonald," was the unhesitating reply of Alister, who, pointing to his own empty champagne-glass, added, "They tell me these

mineral waters are very weakening!" He evidently thought his constitution was in danger, and that he needed a corrective!

A HIGHLANDER'S DISTINCTION BETWEEN "DRUNK" AND "FOU."

A HIGHLANDER who was in the habit of drinking a mixture of whisky and beer was asked the reason of his partiality for such a peculiar tipple. He explained it thus: "Weel, ye see, when I drank whisky I was drunk before I was fou, and when I drank beer I was fou before I was drunk; but when I drink both together I am drunk and fou at the same time."

On one occasion, as Steward of Cattle at a Highland and Agricultural Society's Show, I found fault with the leader of a West Highland bull that he was under the influence of drink. Far from denying the soft impeachment he made this modified defence: "Weel, Doctor, a' may be a bit drunk, but a'm no' incapable!"

THE KILT—KNEES OUT-OF-DOORS.

A FRIEND from Illinois, U.S.A., accompanied me to a Show of the Highland and Agricultural Society at Aberdeen. I had been chaffing him how much better things in this country are than in America. As we stood talking a stately Highlander passed us, dressed in the kilt. Following up my previous line of banter I said, "Now, Mr Clark, there's a Highland chieftain in his national costume! you've got nothing like that in America." He eyed him intently but silently for a few seconds, and then turning to me said, "I guess, sir, I wouldn't care to put my knees out-of-doors in that way!"

GET UP A COLIC FOR YERSEL'.

TWO Highland drovers were taking cattle by road and mountain paths from one part of the West Highlands to another. They chanced to spend the night at a Highland clachan where there was no licensed house. As they were very drouthy, they were greviously dis-

appointed that their lot for the night had been cast in such a place. They diligently tried to get behind the law, but could not get any drink either for love or siller. As a last resource they hit on the expedient that one of the two would feign very serious illness within sight and hearing of some of the principal houses in the village. The one chosen for the part acted it "as if to the manner born." He moaned, groaned, sighed, doubled himself up, and went through other feints that would have deceived the most wary. The ruse had the desired effect. One of the inhabitants, coming to them, expressed great sympathy with the sufferer, asking, "What was the nature of the illness? Was it a complaint he was subject to? Was it dangerous as well as being obviously painful? Was there nothing could be done for it?" and more to the same effect. "Oh yes, sir; ye see it's a kind o' colic I'm subject to. It's very dangerous, and every time it attacks me I think it'll be my last. There is only one thing ever does me any good—that's a drop whusky, but we canna get any here either for love or money, and I expect I'll be

dead by the morning." The tale of woe was successful. The sympathiser, going away, soon returned with about two glasses of whisky in a small dish, which he did not wish returned. He hoped it would have the desired effect, and being effusively thanked by the sufferer, he departed. He was no sooner out of sight than the supposed sufferer put the dish to his mouth, apparently to empty it, when the other drover, in a remonstrating voice, said, "Tonald, Tonald, dinna be drinking it all—give me a share of it." As he put it to his lips again Donald said with a wave of his hand, "Tuts, man, Roderick, get up a colic for yersel'," and he finished it to the dregs.

KILL A SHENTLEMAN FOR YOURSEL'.

AT the battle of Prestonpans a brawny kilted Highlander got the best of it in a hand-to-hand encounter with a gorgeously-dressed English officer. As soon as the unfortunate Englishman was laid low, the Highlander proceeded to strip him of the fine things

which adorned his uniform, but he was shocked to observe a fellow-countryman come up on the other side of the victim and proceed to help himself. "Shon (John), you deevil," exclaimed the victorious soldier, "get oot o' that! Go and kill a shentleman for your nain sel'!"

MAKE THE QUEEN—A NEW MAN.

A MINISTER in one of the Western islands, in praying fervently for Her late Majesty Queen Victoria, offered up this petition:—"O Lord, bless Her Majesty the Queen; now that she is an old woman! make her, we beseech Thee, a new man!"

THE MACKINTOSH AND THE UMBRELLA.

IT is said that a generation or two ago "The Mackintosh," the chief of his clan, had not succeeded in getting a ticket of admission to some great function in London. He sought to get in without the usual credential, but the policeman in charge would not permit him

to enter. After being several times refused, the chieftain, drawing himself up to his full length, asked in a dignified tone, "Do you know who I am?" "No, sir, I don't know who you are." "Well" (with pronounced emphasis), "I'm The Mackintosh." "I don't care a fig, sir, though you were the umbrella! You won't get in here."

ONLY TWO TIMES FOR A DRAM.

UPWARDS of forty years ago I dined in a company at Bonhill, Dumbartonshire, in the company of the late Mr Patrick Smollet, for many years Member of Parliament for Oxford. The conversation at one stage turned on the practice of taking a dram during or after dinner. I recollect vividly Mr Smollet's pronouncement on the point, to the effect that there are only two occasions at dinner when one should take a dram, viz., when you have had fish to dinner, and when you have not. Certainly a most comprehensive and convenient rule for some people!

GLENLIVET'S BEEN IN ME.

AS the guest of a friend I was present in the spring of 1903 at the annual dinner of the natives of the counties of Aberdeen, Banff, and Kincardine resident in Edinburgh. As an outsider I was asked to propose the toast of "the Counties," and in doing so I dwelt upon their physical features, the characteristics of their people and their solid products, including Aberdeenshire short-horns and black polled cattle. I added that they had also a wide reputation for their liquid products, and more especially for "the famous Glenlivet" whisky. I stated that to my great regret I had never been in Glenlivet, but that in all frankness and honesty I must confess that many a time Glenlivet had been in me! What was meant to be an innocent joke brought down upon me very outspoken and unsparing condemnation from extreme teetotal orators. There were sent to me newspapers from several quarters containing reports of speeches denouncing the sentiment, especially as coming from a minister, and particularly from one who had just been designated as the forthcoming

Moderator of the General Assembly! One of the orators—an Englishman, who though resident in Scotland was apparently ignorant of the fact that there is such a place as Glenlivet—quoted my utterance as being "that I had never been in whisky, but the whisky had been in me." He denounced the statement as a disgrace to a minister of the Church of Christ, and he added that if he had his way he would take such a man out of the pulpit altogether and send him to Norway to make him a washer of bottles and barrels under the Gothenburg system. I survived the attack, and have not yet been relegated to the work which my critic thought most suitable for me.

EITHER YOU OR ME HAS HAD A DRAM.

A PARISH minister and one of the farmers in his parish came by the same train to the local station on the afternoon of a market day. The latter had partaken of more refreshments than were good for him, but there seemed little amiss when they started arm in arm to walk to their residences, which are near each other.

However, it turned out that the farmer had met with some friends, and with them had had a couple of tumblers of toddy shortly before stepping into the train. His unsteadiness rapidly increased, until the minister had great difficulty in keeping him on his feet. The couple were more or less unsteady in their motions, when the farmer looked round in the minister's face and remarked: "Od! Minister, if onybody sees us they'll think either you or me has had a dram." It was quite obvious one or other was affected, but it was implied it was an open question which.

AULD CHICKEN AND YOUNG WHISKY.

THE late Mr John Gibson, Woolmet, well known in the coursing as well as in the farming world, went one day into a hotel in Edinburgh to get luncheon. He asked the foreign waiter what was to be had? "Beautiful chicken, sir—fine tender chicken!" "Well, bring me chicken and a glass o' whusky." When the repast had been partaken of, the waiter was imprudent enough to say, "I hope, Monsieur, your lunch did give you entire

satisfaction?" "Weel, my mannie," was Mr Gibson's discriminating reply, "if your chicken had been as young as your whisky, it would have been nice and tender; and if your whisky had been as auld as your chicken, it would have been first-rate."

AN OUNCE OF WHISKY = 16 DRAMS.

JOHN HALLIDAY of Shortrigs, an elderly farmer of the old school, feeling unwell, called in the doctor, who prescribed for him daily along with other items of diet one ounce of whisky. Having omitted to ask for a more (to him) intelligible statement as to the quantity of liquor meant, he called for his son and said, "Jamie, the doctor has ordered me one ounce of whusky: how much is that?" "A'm no' quite sure, faither, but a'll turn up the count-book and see." Having found the tables of weights and measures, Jamie proceeded to read as follows:—

"16 drams = 1 ounce.
16 ounces = 1 pound.
14 pounds = 1 stone.

An Ounce of Whisky = 16 Drams

Ye see, faither, there are sixteen drams in an ounce." "Gude sake! Jamie, that's an awfu' big dose the doctor has ordered me!—sixteen drams one ounce! What a lot o' whusky! But, ye ken, Jamie, there's nae use calling in the doctor unless one does what he says. I'll hae to try't! But, gude sake! Jamie, a' couldna hae the face to sit doon and drink that much whusky by mysel'! Gang ayont to Toonfit and tell him to come across, that a'm no very weel and wad like to see him! If he'll tak' glass aboot wi' me, a'll maybe manage to get through't." Townfoot arrived, and the two "drouthy cronies" set to and accomplished the task. When the doctor visited his patient the following day he inquired if he had followed the instructions, and asked how he felt. "Oh yes, doctor, a'm a gude deal better—but ye gave me an awfu' dose o' whusky!" "Oh no! an ounce of whisky is not much." Whereupon Shortrigs narrated in full detail about Jamie consulting the account-book, sending for Townfoot, etc. "And did you take the sixteen drams?" "'Deed did baith o' us! A' haena seen or heard o' my neebour the day, but as for mysel' a'm jest aboot a' richt again!"

SHAVING SEVEN TIMES A DAY.

THE Rev. Peter Moffat, who had been active and prominent as an advocate of teetotalism, was run down in health and called in his medical adviser. After making a careful diagnosis the doctor ordered him to take a stimulant in the form of hot toddy. But the minister, who was a bachelor, represented that in view of being such a pronounced teetotaler he could not carry out the doctor's prescription, explaining that if he asked his housekeeper for hot water for such a purpose, not only the members of his congregation, but the entire population would soon become aware of it, and that his apparent inconsistency would bring ridicule and condemnation upon him. The doctor in vain set forth that it would be taken as medicine, and the getting of the hot water was the main difficulty; so hitting on an expedient the doctor asked, "Do you shave with hot water?" "I do." "Then order the servant to take the utmost care that the hot water for shaving is good and clean, and use it for the toddy." The doctor left, and coming back in a week, asked the housekeeper

when she opened the door, how the minister was. "Oh! he's quite a different man; in fact he's uncommonly brisk. Really, doctor, I sometimes think he's gaun clean off his head. Do ye ken, sir, the last three days he's been shaving seven times a day!"

IT WAS AN AWFU' RISK!

ABOUT thirty years ago there were two blind men—brothers, if I mistake not—who made their living by singing part-songs in the streets of Edinburgh—which they did extremly well. It was probably a dry job; at all events they were often drouthy, and quenched their thirst when they had the needful cash. One day they had only as many coppers as would pay for half a glass of whisky, but they could thole no longer, and proceeded to "melt" the money in a shop in "The Bridges." They had just heard the clink of the pewter measure on the counter when a friend accosted them. After the usual greetings one of the blind men invited him to have a dram, which, though refused at

first, was, on pressure being used, accepted. "Weel, there's a glass on the table; tak' that —we've just finished ane." He thought it looked rather small, but with a "Here's tae ye baith!" he quaffed it off. Then came a talk, a long talk, followed by a period of suspense for the blind men. However, they possessed their souls in patience, and they were rewarded; for there came, "Noo, ye maun hae a dram frae me," which with a show of reluctance was accepted. "What wull ye hae?" "We'll just tak' a glass o' whusky." So three glasses of whisky were duly ordered and consumed with becoming ceremony. By and by the friend departed, leaving the two blind men still in the shop. Presently they also left—the one with a nudge saying to the other, "We managed that weel." "Aye," said the other, "man, we did—but it was an awfu' risk!"

YOUR BREATH'S QUITE DIVINE.

A ROMAN CATHOLIC priest, going to visit one afternoon the people of his faith in a prison in the West, met the Governor of the prison,

who invited him into his house. Refreshments being produced, each of them partook of a glass of good whisky. Among the prisoners whom the priest afterwards visited was a certain Bridget Malone, whose love of the bottle had led her to be more than once confined in the same quarters. Recognising her at once his reverence said in an upbraiding tone, "Are you here again Bridget?" "Well, your reverence, you see I was not guilty this time, but it was the neighbour woman who swore my liberty away," and much to the same effect. He had begun to speak seriously to her. Putting her hand to her ear, and pretending to be more deaf than she really was, she said, "A little nearer, your reverence, if you please." For the second, and even the third, time she begged him to come a little nearer, and then, looking up in his face with great earnestness, she said, "Holy father, your breath's quite divine this morning!" It was the nearest to a taste of a drop Bridget had had since her enforced residence there.

A SOUTH AFRICAN EXPERIENCE.

ONE of the eminent surgeons who went from this country to South Africa during the war was called in to perform an operation on an Irish soldier. That being over, the surgeon said, "Pat, I have done the best I can for you; your case is more or less serious, but there are favourable features in it, and I hope you will come through this all right. Is there anything else I can do for you?" "Ah, doctor, you've been very kind, but I would like to have a glass of whisky." "Pat, you cannot have that, for there is no whisky in this part of South Africa." "Ah! but doctor, I *would* like to have a drop." "I tell you, Pat, there is no whisky here nearer than thirty miles." "Ah! but, doctor, your breath's very refreshing." The doctor's breath had given him away!

LESS HEATING STUFF IN THEIR INSIDES.

A BEADLE in a certain village church prided himself with good cause on the careful and successful way in which he discharged his official duties. Two of the parishioners had

the reputation of being rather drouthy and of being more or less frequently at the use of well-known means to appease their thirst. This couple had complained to the minister that the church was frequently overheated, and that they were made uncomfortable in consequence. The minister took occasion to tell the beadle that two of the congregation had made the complaint. "Begging your pardon, sir, a' dinna think there's ony occasion t' compleen. A'm maist uncommon carefu', and a' dinna think the kirk has ever been owre wairm. May a' ask, sir, whae it was that was compleening?" "Oh yes, Samuel, there need be no secret about that. It was Mr Jackson and Mr Grieve." "It was them, was it? The kirk's owre wairm they say! 'Deed, sir, if thae twa wad pit less o' a heatin' naitur in their insides they wadna feel sae wairm."

PIT A WEE DRAP WHUSKY IN'T.

A BEADLE of the parish church in a certain burgh occupied his official seat in a high perched-up place off the pulpit stairs. One

Sunday, taking a swoon, he fell down to the floor on his head, and was so stunned that it was not known whether he was dead or alive. The service was stopped, and he was carried out and laid down in one of the passages. The congregation were greatly perturbed, and his wife, who was present, was naturally in a state of much alarm and deep grief. Water being procured as quickly as possible, it was laved profusely on his face and hands, but for a time there was not the faintest symptom of returning consciousness. However, the same means of restoration were persevered in, until at length the poor man began to lick his lips. This encouraged those taking charge to be even more liberal in their application of the water. By and by he suddenly opened his eyes and, still licking his lips, said beseechingly, "Pit a wee drap whusky in't!" The anxiety on all hands was now much allayed, his wife chiming in, in a tone of relief, "There's nae fear noo: he's jeest himsel' again!"

MAIST UNCOMMON COMFORTABLE MYSEL'.

THE Rev. Mr Balfour, minister of the country parish of ——, was dining with one of the heritors in his parish one evening, and was driven by his man Peter in his one-horse closed carriage. A very pleasant evening was spent. Before he left, the host, his wife, and another member of the family had each, unknown to each other, sent Peter a glass of good whisky. Thus Peter got three glasses of whisky where he was intended to have got only one. The party started from the door in due course, but after they had gone about half a mile the carriage stopped, and Peter, coming down from the box, tapped with his hand on the carriage-window. "What is it, Peter?" queried the master from the inside. "Are ye quite comfortable, Mr Balfo-o-r?" asked the man in an interested tone. "Yes, Peter, I'm quite comfortable." "But, Mr Balfo-o-r, are ye quite shure ye're very comfortable?" "Yes, Peter, I'm as comfortable as I can be." "Weel, Mr Balfo-o-r, a' thought ye wad like to ken, and a' juist cam doon frae the box tae tell

ye, that a'm maist uncommon comfortable mysel';" and having thus relieved himself, Peter again ascended the box and drove home contented and "unco happy."

INDUSTRIOUS DRINKING WHISKY.

A FEW years ago I and my party stayed a couple of nights at a certain hotel on the West Coast, on our way to the Highland and Agricultural Society's Show at Inverness. Meeting a Mull laird in the boat going up the Caledonian Canal, I remarked on what appeared to me to be the unusual weakness of the whisky at that hotel, which I named. "Oh yes," he replied, "an intimate friend of mine says that a man to get any forwarder drinking whisky at that hotel must be very industrious indeed!" It is a new idea and form of expression, showing industry in the drinking of whisky.

DON'T DEAL IN FRACTIONS AFTER DARK.

I WAS for two years a pupil of the late Mr William Armstrong, teacher of Arithmetic and Mathematics in Dumfries Academy. He was

the founder of the University "Armstrong Bursary," open to pupils of that Academy. Any scholars of his who wished to make good progress and applied themselves were well taught, but the dunces and the lazy ones were very much left to their own devices. He was very short-sighted, which militated against his having control of the laggards. Mr Armstrong unfortunately, as was well known, had a liking for whisky. Fifty years ago, when a boy, I was present at a relative's house, in a company of half a dozen old acquaintances of Mr Armstrong, when toddy was the beverage. After each gentleman had had several tumblers the host, who no doubt thought rightly they had had enough, said, "Mr Armstrong, won't you have a half-one more?" "Well, Mr G——, I'll reply in the words of a friend of mine who was asked exactly the same question in similar circumstances, 'I never deal in fractions after dark!' I'll either take a whole one or none at all, if you like." Of course he and each of the others got "a whole one"!

COURAGE SCREWED UP BY A SECOND DRAM.

THE annual treat for the children of a parish was being held in the park of one of the most beautiful castles in the South of Scotland. The owner, well known for his great generosity, took the adults of the company—his own tenants—into the castle to get them a refreshment. Acting himself as the host, he was pouring out a glass of whisky for one of his principal tenants, who, when it was approaching the stage of being nearly full, said, "Stop, Mr B——, stop; what will the wife say if I drink all that?" "Drink that off, Mr C——," said the owner of many broad acres; "I'll give you another, and then you'll not care that" (snapping his fingers) "what your wife thinks or says."

PORRIDGE AFTER A HEAVY NICHT.

Scene—Hoddom Bridge.

Sandy: "A' houp, sir, ye're feeling this morning nane the waur o' last nicht's ball?"

Fox-Hunter: "Not a bit of it, Sandy; I had

a good bowl of porridge for my breakfast this morning."

Sandy: "Weel, sir, a' ken frae experience that naething beats a bowl o' porridge after a nicht's heavy spree."

WON'T YOU HAVE A DRINK, SIR?

A VERY haughty scion of an ancient and titled family was a passenger on one occasion on a P. & O. steamer, by which a Californian gentleman was also going to the East. The two met one day at the bar of the steamer, where each had gone to refresh himself. The American had ordered his tipple, and in a spirit of brotherhood, turning to the Honourable Mr B——, he said, "Mr B——, won't you have a drink?" The proud gentleman with the blue blood gave a withering look at the questioner, and let him understand in a few emphatic words that he was taking a great liberty with him. The Californian swallowed the affront silently and as best he could. The two left the steamer at the same port in the East and took up their quarters in the same hotel, where

English-speaking company were very scarce. They happened to meet at the bar of the hotel one day, again on the same errand. The American put his old question, "Mr B——, won't you have a drink?" "By George! I don't care if I do," was the reply this time. Looking him calmly in the face and without moving a muscle the Californian rejoined, "Well, I guess, sir, you won't have it from me!"

SHORT OF A PENNY.

A FARMER'S son, who had not been quite steady during his father's lifetime, became so much addicted to drink after his father's death that he loafed about the small market-town near which he had been brought up, spending the greater part of his meagre and uncertain earnings on whisky. One day, with his only available cash—three pennies—firmly shut up in his left hand, he went into the public-house and said with an air of self-confidence to the landlord, who was serving behind the counter, "Gie me a glass o' yer best whusky"—the price of which it seems he well knew to be

fourpence. Having swallowed the liquor, opening his hand, he deposited the three pennies on the counter in front of the landlord, and was in the act of going out of the door when the latter called sharply after him, "See, look here! you are short of a penny." Eyeing him with an undisguised expression of contempt, he rejoined, "Ye muckle, stupid blockhead, ye, dae ye no see it's you that's short o' the penny!" and he marched majestically out, feeling confident that if the landlord were subsequently to haul him up for the debt the laugh would have gone against the party who had been duped.

IS THIS A WALLED CITY?

A RETIRED farmer, who lived in a certain country town, was spending the evening with some cronies in the Black Bull Inn. When he rose to leave he found it rather difficult to find his way home. The inn is so situated that it is easy to take the wrong turn, and if that mistake is made the street taken leads to the high wooden gate at the entrance to the back

avenue of a certain mansion-house. The farmer, drawing himself up on the steps of the inn, took his bearings, but unfortunately he took the wrong turn, and in due course went bang against the high wooden gate referred to. He said nothing but found his way back to the steps of the inn. Taking his bearings for the second time, he again made the same mistake with the same result. This was repeated for the third time, and when he again came into contact with the wooden gate he was overheard by some boys, who were watching him, to exclaim in an astonished tone, "By gum! I never knew before that this is a walled city."

JUST SUCH ANOTHER AT HOME.

A GALLOWAY laird of last generation, of my acquaintance, had an annual visit for a day or two of an old friend and fellow-countryman who was a native of the same locality, and who had long been in business in the cattle trade in Liverpool. The latter had a liking for a tumbler or two of toddy, which in his day was the favourite form in which whisky was

consumed. One night his host and he had sat longer over their cups than the laird's wife approved of. They had discussed at length old days, as well as modern cattle and sheep sales, applying more than once to the black kettle on the hob to obtain a fresh brew. Midnight was approaching, when the lady of the house walked into the room and, without saying a word, lifted the whisky-bottle, and having put it into the sideboard, locked the door of that piece of furniture and walked silently out of the room. Evidently thinking the host would be annoyed by this peremptory proceeding, the visitor clapped him on the shoulder, adding soothingly, "B——, never mind her. I've just such another at home!"

DRINKING AS MUCH AS PAY THE LICENCE.

WHEN I was in Dalry, in Ayrshire, a miner's wife, whose husband was in the habit of spending a considerable proportion of his wages in drink, applied for and got a licence to sell intoxicating liquor in a rather thinly populated part of the parish. Some of her

friends called in question the wisdom of what she had done, alleging she would not make as much profit as would pay for the licence. "Pay the licence!" she exclaimed; "my ain man'll drink as much as will pay for the licence!"

GOOD ELM KEEPS EITHER WET OR DRY.

A CASE was being tried before a judge who was a decided teetotaler, and who never lost an opportunity of lecturing the bar and others in the Court on the advantages of total abstinence. A witness, called Elm — who, though seventy-five years of age looked hale and hearty—was examined, and at the close of his examination the judge said, "Mr Elm, I have no doubt you have been a very sober man all your life—you look so fresh and young for your years." "Yes, my Lord, I have not tasted any kind of intoxicating liquor for the last half-century." "You see, Gentlemen," launched forth the judge, "the great advantage of total abstinence," and more to the same effect. An elder brother, who looked more hale and strong, was next examined and as

he was about to leave the witness-box the judge said, "I have no doubt, Mr Elm, you have been a very regular man all your life?" "Yes, my Lord, I have, for I have seldom gone quite sober to bed during the last forty years." Not unnaturally, the judge was nonplussed, but a member of the bar, engaged in the case, saved the situation by interposing with the remark, "It just proves, my Lord, that good British Elm will keep either wet or dry."

THE POETS OF PAISLEY.

AT a large public dinner at Paisley the toast of the poets of Paisley was assigned to a gentleman who did not reside in the town. He proposed the toast in appropriate terms, particularising the many men — natives of or closely connected with the place—who in their cultivation of the Muses had brought lustre to the town. He was much taken aback to find that not one of the company rose to drink the toast. But he was astonished in a far greater degree when every one present except himself rose simultaneously to reply to the toast. They all regarded themselves as Poets of Paisley.

TOUCH MY CAP AND SAY "SIR!" TO JOE TURNER.

MR JOSEPH HARLING TURNER, Cessnock Castle, Galston, the well-known factor and commissioner on the extensive estates in Scotland of the Duke of Portland, tells the following against himself. The Galston School Board, thinking that the children were in much need of being taught to be mannerly and polite, requested Mr Turner, as their Chairman, to visit all the schools and impress on both the teachers and children the importance of this being done. He duly fulfilled his commission, making a suitable speech at each school. Some time thereafter he was riding along the road on a spirited young hunter which would not stand so as to allow him while on horseback to open a gate into a field which he wished to enter. A boy, taking in the situation, ran forward, and politely touching his cap said, "If ye please, sir, a'll open the gate for ye." Mr Turner, throwing the boy some coppers, commended his politeness, and asked him who taught him to be polite. "If ye please, sir, the schule-

maister said to the scholars that they were to touch their caps and say 'Sir,' whenever they met Joe Turner." He broke down at "Joe"!

IF YE'LL HAUD THE COO.

MISS KINROSS, who spends much of her time in a town not far from Stirling, had made very laudable and successful efforts in getting the children and young people of the place taught manners, and generally to be polite in their speech and demeanour. One day she met on the road one of her protégés, Peter Stirling, of whose politeness she was justly proud, leading a cow to Bridge of Allan. The boy was leading the cow by a halter, to which he was holding on with both hands lest she might break away from him. Miss Kinross spoke to him, but Peter's hands, and even his eyes, were alike so concentrated on the cow that there was no response. "Peter!" ejaculated Miss Kinross, in a disappointed, angry tone, "where are your manners to-day? Why are you not touching your cap to me as usual?" "If ye please, mem, a'll tak' off my bonnet tae ye if ye'll come roun' here and haud (hold) the coo!"

THE PROVOST OF LOCHMABEN.

A MINISTER of Lochmaben, considerably more than a century ago, had a quarrel with the Provost and Magistrates of the burgh, and he is supposed to have had his fling at them the following Sunday, when he prayed in church for "the Provost and Magistrates of this ancient burgh, *such as they are*, and those who sit in council with them." A Provost of Lochmaben, about the same date, was credited with being so illiterate as to be unable to read writing. It is related of him that a letter was handed to him by a messenger, who, noticing that after opening it he was holding it before him with the wrong side uppermost, ventured to say in all meekness, "If ye please, Provost, ye hae the wrang side o' the letter up." The Provost replied with great indignation, "Do ye think a' wad be fit to be Provost o' this ancient burgh if a' couldna read writing wi' ony side up?"

BEING IN DEBT A DISTINCTION.

ABOUT a century ago Sir —— Grierson, Bart., of Rockhall, in Mouswald Parish, the owner of a fair estate, was at Lochmaben one evening in

a company, one of whom was the Provost of that ancient burgh. At that time the municipality of Lochmaben owned a considerable area of land in addition to a meal-mill; but after being deeply in debt for a length of time the Town Council had to sell the property to pay the creditors. The company above referred to had been regaling themselves, with the result that the baronet and the Provost fell out violently over their cups. The former in emphatic language told the latter to get out of his way as the Provost of an insignificant rotten burgh. The Provost drew himself up, to his full height, and with great dignity of manner told the baronet not to speak in that way to him who was the Provost of a burgh which was more in debt than the whole estate of Rockhall was worth!

HAD THE STOLEN BREEKS ON.

THE late Jacob Blacklock, Town Clerk, Lochmaben, was defending an inhabitant of that ancient burgh who was accused of stealing a pair of trousers belonging to a fellow-townsman,

who, it may be explained, was very short-sighted. The defence, which had been skilfully conducted, resulted in the acquittal of the accused. After the decision had been announced, "Jacob," as he was familiarly spoken of, was puzzled why the man still continued to sit in the dock. He whispered in his ear, "You may go away, Tam; we've won the case and you've got off." Tam anxiously replied in an equally low tone, "A' daurna, sir, a' daurna gang awa'. The man that the breeks belang tae is as blin' as a bat and he wad never notice them; but lord! sir, a' see his tailor, wha's as sharp as his ain needle, in the Court, and losh preserve me! Mr Blacklock 'ave got the breeks on!"

SOOKIN' THE JUICE O' YER GRAND-MOTHER.

THE old churchyard of Lochmaben is situated in the very centre of the burgh, and quite near it are a number of wells which the inhabitants continued to use for domestic purposes until a gravitation supply of water was introduced a few years ago. Before the passing of the

Public Health Act of 1867, the Parochial Board tried to close up these wells, but the public rose in arms and threatened violent measures if such a thing were attempted. There being no compulsory power at that time the attempt had to be departed from, much to the chagrin of William Beck, an old-fashioned character who, being Inspector of Poor, was active in the closing-up movement. One day before the heat of the controversy had quite died down, William met one of the leaders of the people carrying water from the most objectionable of the wells. "Been away for some water, John?" "Aye, Wull, juist getting some water for the tea." "Ah weel, John, juist sookin' the juice o' yer grandmother."

DAFT DAVIE.

AN innocent idiot in my native parish of Johnstone, in Dumfrieshire, was universally known as "Daft Davie." He was a general favourite, though a good deal bothered by mischievous boys, of whom I must plead guilty to being one. He attended church with scrupulous

regularity and sat in the long Communion pew which was then found in all parish churches. Opposite him sat an old elder, Mr Halliday, who wore a wig, and who, while sitting as he always did with bended head, was in the habit of nodding his head when the minister, Dr Colvin, said anything in his discourse which specially pleased him. On such occasions David tried to catch the elder's wig with his teeth, and on one occasion when he succeeded in doing so he tossed his head, with the wig dangling from his mouth, to the great trial of the risible tendencies of such of the congregation as witnessed it. The old elder snuffed, and used to give Davie a pinch out of his box. On one occasion Davie put the snuff between the leaves of his open Bible, and when the elder looked up he blew the snuff into his eyes. Such misbehaviour led to his getting severe reprimands from the minister, who was very good to him. "Daft Davie" made a point of attending every funeral in the parish, for the sake of the refreshments which were then universally distributed. He recollected the time when spirits and wine were seven times taken round the assembled company. He did not survive to see what he

would have called in his own style of language the present degenerate days when no refreshments at all are offered. But before he died there was only one service, and his remark thereon was "that funerals werena worth ganging tae nowadays."

THE BEST CELL TAE CHUSE.

IN a town on the East Coast there was an idle "ne'er-do-weel" loafer, Jamie Tait, who had been frequently convicted of poaching and other offences, the penalty for which he had met by being often confined in the prison. He persistently tried all sorts of plans and pleas for extracting money from the parish minister. Meeting him one day Jamie said, "Mr B——, I've got some information to gie ye the day that might turn out very usefu' tae ye. But I maun hae half a crown for what I'm gaun tae tell ye—it's worth it a' I assure ye; it might come in rael handy to ye some day." "Jamie, I'm hurrying to a funeral; I have no time to stop and listen to your story." "Oh, but, sir, ye'll be sorry if ye dinna get this hint frae me!"

"Jamie, I must go on and keep my appointment, but there's a shilling to you, let me proceed." "Minister, I'll tell ye for the shilling this time, and it'll no tak' ye a minute to hear it. If ye're pit in the jail, try and get the second cell on the left han': it's by far the maist comfortable ane o' them a'."

NEVER A' RICHT AT THE SAME TIME.

A WOMAN of unusually large proportions had got into the habit of complaining about her health. She had done so, frequently, in the hearing of her minister, who turned upon her and in a rebuking tone said she should check this grumbling frame of mind and of speech—that she should rather think of her blessings, which were many and great, and be grateful for them. She felt put upon her defence, and her palliation or justification took this form: "Ye see, sir, there's sae muckle o' me, it's very seldom every bit o' me is a' richt at the same time."

US COMMERCIALS LIKE A BLAW.

A VERY carefully got up commercial traveller, with tall hat and surtout of superfine cloth, and all else in keeping, whiffing a very fine cigar, was seated in a third-class smoking carriage on the Glasgow and South Western Railway. An auld wifie carrying a pack, who travelled through the country selling laces and other goods of the class, came forward to join the train at New Cumnock station. She essayed to step into the same compartment as the commercial traveller, but as both in person and in pack she was the opposite of inviting and desirable as a fellow-traveller, the occupant of the compartment did his best to keep her out. Addressing her, he said this was not the place for her, that it was a smoking compartment, that she would get a far better carriage further forward and more to the same effect. However, she would not be gainsaid, pressed herself forward, and eventually succeeded in getting in. She took up her position at the far end of the opposite side. She was no sooner seated and had got her pack put on the rack than she got out a black, short-stemmed cutty pipe, which had been well

blackened by lengthened and diligent use. She went through each stage of the process of preparing her pipe, including the cutting of the common twist tobacco, and in due course lighted it with a common match. When she felt quite satisfied that she had "got a good-going concern," she turned towards her swell fellow-traveller and, giving him a familiar confidential nod, said, "Us commercials like a blaw." She claimed that both of them belonged to the same class.

A HIGH MOUNTAIN—TEN PER CENT.

A FORMER parishioner of mine—the late Mr Munn of Rockhall, who was a Manchester manufacturer and merchant—used to tell of an experience he had with one of the most industrious and reliable of his mill-hands to whom he had lent a sum of money, which when added to the man's own savings was sufficient to secure a desirable investment. The borrower had sold his first investment and put the undiminished proceeds into another of such a speculative character that by and by he lost almost his whole capital. Remonstrating with

him Mr Munn said, "John, you are such a careful cautious man, you are about the last man I would have expected this sort of thing to happen with. How did you come to be so foolish?" "Well, the fact of the matter is, Mr Munn, the devil took me up an exceeding high mountain and showed me ten per cent.!"

A TAMMY PREFERABLE TO A HAT.

ONE summer, while taking a holiday at Largs a party of us went on an evening cruise to the shores of the island of Arran and back. It was the week of Paisley Fair, and the steamer was crowded with Paisley people of both sexes. There was a band on board, and a considerable number of the younger passengers tripped it on the light fantastic toe. Some of the couples were extremely demonstrative in their attentions to each other, especially one couple who kissed each other openly in the most ardent and effusive manner at every pause in the dance. The young lady's broad-brimmed hat proved very much in the way, and was frequently knocked off by her sweetheart when they

saluted each other as described. At length, after her headpiece had come to grief for, say, the tenth time, the fair one declared with emphasis: "Man, Tam, if I had only hae kenned o' this before we left the hoose I wad hae had my tammy on!"

A'M NO' A CRAW.

IN a case before the Court a plain Scotch country woman, when under examination, was asked the distance between a certain railway station and her house. The witness replied, "If ye gang roun' by the cairt-road it would be twa miles; but if ye tak' the near cut by the schule rodie it wad be only a mile and a bittie." And queried the lawyer with an air of importance: "My good woman, as the crow flies, what would the distance be?" "A' raelly couldna tell ye, sir, for ye see a'm no' a craw."

MIND THE CORP.

A FRACAS in a collier village near the foot of the Ochils ended in a number of culprits being lodged in Stirling Jail. Before their term of

imprisonment expired, one of them, a woman, was reported to her friends as having died. In the old days, when this happened, the coal company kept a hearse for the use of their employees. A party went along the foot of the Hillfoots to bring the body home. On the return journey they stopped at an inn on the road for refreshments which they ordered. The waitress having procured the liquor came out, and was in the act of handing it up to the men on the "dickie." To her horror a hand was thrust out of the side bars of the hearse, and a voice from within cried, "Mind the corp!"

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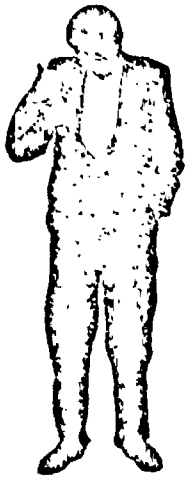

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